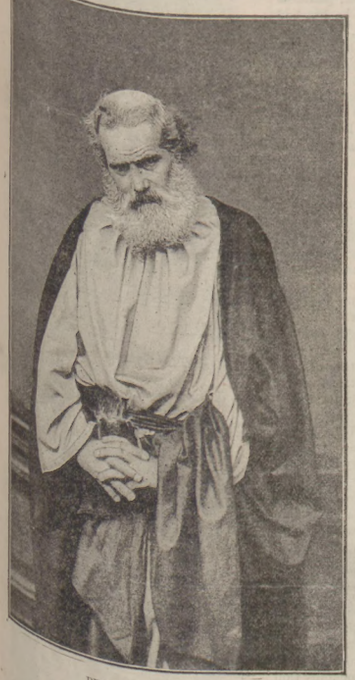
No. 1514—Vol. 58

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

June 7, 1890

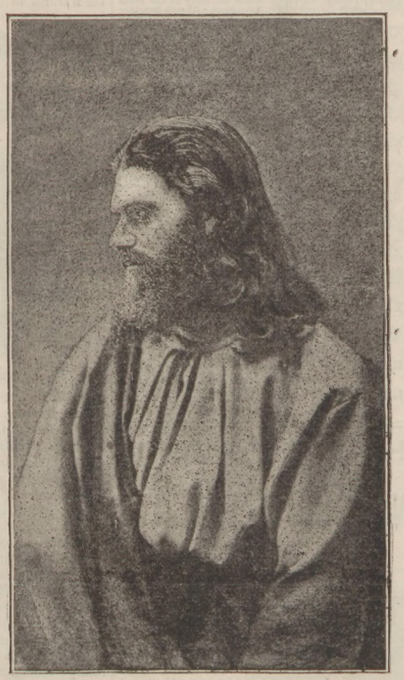
Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.



PETRUS (JACOB HETT).

NATHANIEL (SEBASTIAN LANG).



CHRISTUS (JOSEPH MAIER).

PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE GREAT "PASSION PLAY" AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

AT OBER-AMMERGAU: VASHTI AND ESTHER (INTERLUDE OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT).

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PERSONAL POLITICS

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P.

PERHAPS the most interesting political event of the near future is the election of a successor to Mr. Broadhurst in the place of Parliamentary Secretary to the Trade Union Congress. Mr. Broadhurst's tenure of this office has been one of the features of the working-class movement of

MR. HENRY BROADHURST, M.P.

the last twenty or thirty years. When Mr. Broadhurst took the position, the Unions were in their infancy, they had no proper system of keeping accounts, and few things were in shipshape. Mr. Broadhurst was just the man to evoke order out of the confusion inevitable to a new formation. I think he is the most business-like working-man I ever met. Even his enemies, who complain that he has not kept pace with the times, and has let the movement lag behind, admit that there never was a more methodical, industrious, and attentive representative of labour in Parliament. The Parliamentary Secretaryship is a kind of proletariat premiership—which has to be carried on, by the way, for £200 a year—out of which a secretary has to be paid by the recipient of the salary—though the holder of the office stands alone, and has no colleagues to help him on. Well, every detail of this singularly laborious task—the minutiæ of which are quite beyond my powers of description—has been admirably carried out by Mr. Broadhurst. I never heard a whisper against his rectitude, his honesty, or his good faith. Once a working mason, he helped, with his own hands, to build Norwich post-office. The House of Commons is not a place for the enthusiast or the thinker. But it is emphatically the sphere for the display of the talent of managing men, of shrewd business-like capacity, of patience, good-temper, adroitness, and what I may call the better (as also the worse) kind of "worldliness." Of the former kind Mr. Broadhurst has an ample store. He is one of the

Most Popular of Members,

on good terms with everybody, and as well able as any man I know to pilot a ticklish Bill, or "run" a committee, or set a little necessary machinery in motion. Add to this a fund of plain, dry, homely talk, and you have Henry Broadhurst. I am sorry to say that diabetes has made some inroads in his sturdy physique, and compelled the retirement which is now about to be completed. Mr. Broadhurst has built for himself a charming little retreat near Cromer, which he will let in the season and inhabit out of it. He is one of the best amateur golfers in England—better than Mr. Balfour—has done a little journalism successfully, and has served his day and generation with all his talents and with all his lights. Can one say more?

And then, as to his successor. I confess the prospect is not particularly encouraging. In the first place, there is a terrible multiplicity of candidates. The great development of trade-unionism in an advanced direction has brought up new men to advocate new policies, and the forward party are naturally anxious to be represented in the most important post in the gift of the trade-unions of England. Three men may be said to represent this party—John Burns and Tom Mann, of the engineers (the richest of all the unions, I believe), and Mr. Parnell, of the cabinetmakers. Practically, all these men stand for

The New Socialistic,

or semi-Socialistic, development of trade-unionism. John Burns is, perhaps, more of an orator and a leader of men than a man of business; Tom Mann, with a most remarkable and extensive knowledge of trade-union matters and the keenest and most logical mind, would be excellently well fitted for the post; and Mr. Parnell is a vigorous and hard-headed Unionist. Then come the middle party, which is very fairly progressive, and is represented by Messrs. Fenwick and Pickard, of the Miners' Union, both sound, hard-headed men, but neither of them, I am afraid, inclined to stand. The moderates have as their representatives Messrs. Shipton and Maudsley (the latter of the cotton spinners), the former of whom is a very formidable candidate. I don't want to say anything against Mr. Shipton here. He is unquestionably a very able committee man. He largely got up and managed the Eight Hours Demonstration. He is also a clever, plausible speaker, with a good address, and he has had great experience. The "forwards," however, would certainly feel that their cause had received a blow if Mr. Shipton were elected. Nevertheless, I think his nomination likely—most likely. He is very popular in the country, where his support of the Sugar Bounties Convention is readily forgiven him, and he has the claim of long service. So I am inclined to name George Shipton as Henry Broadhurst's successor.

"Pairing."

I wonder how many of my readers have any idea of the awfulness of the threat which has been held out by Mr. Labouchere on the great Parliamentary question of "pairing." Pairing is a great institution in the Commons. It is the relic of the old—and bad—system of voting by proxy. It is also a machinery for enabling members of Parliament to evade their duties. In my opinion it is a bad and thoroughly obsolete practice. Under it a number of men, who, beyond travelling to and from the division lobbies and strolling into a committee-room in the forenoon, really do no work for their constituents, are able to get away for the dinner-hours, and to amuse themselves at balls, receptions, at homes, and what not, whenever there is nothing running—i.e. no fierce party business—in debate at the House.

Old men are similarly enabled to stay away from late sittings, or late divisions, or, in the case of the longer "pairs," two men who want to have a holiday can neutralise each other's vote by agreement for a fortnight, a month, or even the best part of the session. The Whips are supposed to contest reckless pairing, but they cannot do much against social custom, and that custom, I am afraid, is to treat the House of Commons as a club and lounge rather than as a place of business. Pairing is, in fact, largely responsible for the shamefully thin attendances in Committee, and in important though unexciting debates. As for the talk of overwork, that is all nonsense. No private member of Parliament really works more than three months in the year. Only about a fourth of the members are consistently at it for the whole of the session. Scores idle away their time in the library and tea and dining rooms, and, since it has become more and more of a fashion for members to take ladies to the House and dine them there, the "clubby" aspect of the legislative assembly has developed to an amazing extent.

Naturally, therefore, the talk of the Radical stalwarts of refusing "pairs" has struck consternation into the bosoms of the "exquisites" on both sides, the diners-out, the votaries of the season, the fops and fribbles, who find their place in far too great numbers in the people's House. No pairs—no pleasures. The prospect is especially alarming, since the greater part of the rest of the Session will be spent in Committee, when it is dangerous for an unpaired member to be away for more than half an hour at a time, speeches being shorter and divisions taking place with much greater frequency than when Mr. Peel is in the chair. So strong will be the "official" opposition on both sides, and so firmly set is social habit, that I fancy the threat will come to nothing. But it is a very good thing to have it even suggested. It will wake up the triflers who forget their duties as soon as they have crossed the bar, and who contribute a mere brute voting mass—I include both sides in this—to the House of Commons—not a thinking and working body.

I See Mr. Herbert Gladstone

has been interesting himself in his old subject, physical recreation. Herbert is great on athletics, and at Oxford he carried on the two family traditions of scholarship and outdoor recreation with amazing spirit. He is very popular in the House, his gentle, unassuming manners—the Gladstone manners all over—his accessibility, and genuine good-nature making him a general favourite. He is the most modest of men, and rather disappears from ken when his father is out of office. During Mr. Gladstone's Ministries—especially during the Home Rule Government—he performed the very useful task of keeping up the relations between official Liberalism and its supporters in the Press. He is very shrewd, not at all indiscreet, and has advanced

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

and marked views of his own, which are said to have influenced his father in the direction of Home Rule. Gentle as are his manners, he has a faculty for singularly trenchant—almost vitriolic—speech, which astonishes people who only know him privately. He is unmarried, and beloved by the ladies, but no one has ever heard of an attachment. He inherits his father's and mother's physical beauty, as well as their manners.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Sylvan Thames.

who have the opportunity should fill their eyes just now with the beauties of the Upper Thames. The brilliant Sundays of early summer have drawn hundreds of boating people and their fair companions to Windsor for delightful trips up the river. Boulter's and Cookham Locks have been crowded. Sir Charles Tilke has been seen enjoying his morning "dip" in the cool depths of the crystal stream, or propelling himself up a silvern reach with the skill of a Renforth; and it has been a satisfaction to many that this sage of Wallingford has shown by it proved to demonstration that this superannuated statesman (ready to serve the State again when England calls upon him) is in the best of health. This by the way. Give me a week-day and an electric launch for the full enjoyment of the lovely reaches near Maidenhead. In congenial company, it is one of the pleasantest of treats to discuss a good lunch on the noiseless highway, feasting the eyes, as the launch glides smoothly up stream, upon the fresh green foliage of Cliveden Woods, on sweet-laurel-fringed down to the riverside from snug villas and stately cottages, with here and there a smart boathouse, boat brimming over with spring flowers—and there is no more agreeable way of no Windsor Woods, nor Marlow our goal. I know of Take launch at Windsor one morning, "tric" as far as Quarry Woods, and back; and thank your faithful Prompter for this recipe for a memorably sunny holiday.

Holidays in Essex.

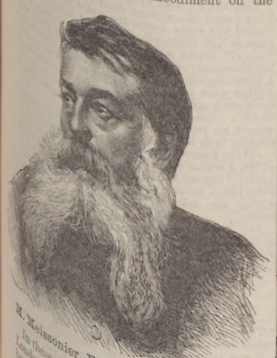
Surprising is it how many alluring rural nooks are left unvisited almost at our doors. Who from London, who can doubt that their cool verdant turf and their glorious old trees would attract as many hundreds as they now draw scores only? Similarly, within very easy reach of London are numbers of dainty little and pleasant towns and show-places, which holiday-makers will find quite accessible. Sixpence on the capital little illustrated book Mr. Percy Lindley has just issued from

165, Fleet-street—"New Holidays in Essex"—and You will find ample particulars respecting sailing and walking routes, besides boating, fishing and shooting notes. This is one of the series of fully excellent guides published in connection with the Great Eastern Railway.

Garden Flowers.—Marcus Stone, R.A.

What an exquisitely beautiful Dream of Fair Women is conjured up by mere mention of Marcus Stone's name! Visitors to the Royal Academy will find that this favourite Royal Academician well sustains the lustrous reputation which has been won by numerous radiant pictures of healthful English girls and their lovers, dappled with golden gems as "Garden Flowers," of which a charming picture is here reproduced, this being one of the most charming paintings in this year's Exhibition at Burlington House.

Continuing our sketches of Royal Academy pictures, a couple of other gems are brought under the reader on another page. The "Oliver Cromwell" of Mr. Sant, R.A., is infinitely touching, and vividly as it does, the toilsome pilgrimage in which he falls into the clutches of Fagin the Jew, Bates, the "Artful Dodger," and Nancy Sikes, Dickens's little hero to the great delight of millions of readers, is scarcely less pathetic, in its way, is the painting of "Ophelia" by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. E. F. Normand); with the life-like portraits of the gentle King and Queen, and the image of the gentle girl of whom Miss Ellen Terry has made us so charming an embodiment on the stage.



M. Meissonier, France's Greatest Painter.

In these days, when M. Brébant has come to London expressly to promote the *entente cordiale* between the two countries by a series of gastronomic feasts at the Criterion, and when rapid means of communication between England and France are fast dispelling the clouds which sometimes spring up between Englishmen and Frenchmen, it is essential that everybody should be familiar with the features of living Frenchmen. The other week I had the pleasure to give a portrait of M. Détaille. I now have the privilege of presenting a likeness of the illustrious French Master whose famous Napoleon painting, called "1814," has just been bought by M. Chauchard, a former proprietor of the Magasins du Louvre, for the enormous sum of 850,000f., or £34,000. Now, M. Meissonier, who painted "1814" in his struggling days, only received £2800 for it. Query—Ought not twenty-five per cent. (say) of the £34,000 it has now fetched to go to Meissonier? Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier literally won his way by hard work and genius. Fourth child of a Lyons commission-agent, he was born in 1815, and received his first lessons in art from a Grenoble drawing-master, and then studied in the atelier of Léon Cogniet. His style, characterised by minute finish and absolute truth to nature, has been made familiar in this country by numerous masterpieces shown at Mr. Wallis's gallery in Pall-mall and other galleries in London. One of the most industrious, as well as one of the very greatest of living artists, M. Meissonier has illustrated several standard works, and his most notable paintings comprise, besides the "1814," so well known here from the steel engraving, "The Chess-players," "The Bodyguard," "The Picket-party," "The Players at Bowls," "The Smoker," "Napoleon III. at Solferino," "Results of a Gambling Quarrel," "Reading the Order of Battle," and "Cuirassiers." He is active in his ripe old age, art-lovers will be glad to know. He is chief of the seceders from the Salon. And, as a friend just back from Paris informs me, his own rare merits do not blind him to the great beauty of the paintings by Carolus Duran or Besnard, the "impressionist," or Courtens, the landscape-painter. Meissonier has willingly accepted the Presidency of the new body of the most distinguished Artists in France. Long live Meissonier!

Sir A. K. Stephenson, the Public Prosecutor,

has done a very timely thing in warning the conductors of certain speculative periodicals that they run the risk of being fined heavily under the Lottery Act in offering claptrap prizes to their readers. I own it has been a matter of wonder to me that the illegality of this wholesale system of prize-offering has not before occurred to the authorities. Quite as demoralising in their effect as the suppressed lotteries of old, the majority of these prizes ought certainly to be prohibited, or the donors heavily fined. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Sir Augustus Keppell Stephenson, who is portrayed from a photograph by Mr. A. J. Melhuish, of York-place, Portman-square, has for many years been honourably known as Solicitor to the Lords of the Treasury at Whitehall. As is pretty plainly indicated by his open countenance, Sir A. K. Stephenson is a clear-headed, straightforward Englishman—the right man in the right place.

As "Colour Blindness"

has occupied the attention of a quasi-Parliamentary Committee, and is, therefore, presumably a malady that is increasing, it is seasonable to call attention to a luminous article on the subject in the May Number of the sanitary monthly called *Hygiene*. It is by Dr. Jabez Hogg, who was for a quarter of a century Surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. Some comfort may it be to those thus afflicted that Homer, besides sometimes nodding, was colour-blind; likewise Dugald Stewart and Erasmus Darwin. I imagine some few artists who exhibit at our Picture Shows are also colour-blind. Be that as it may, Dr. Hogg adds another to his many scientific public services by calling attention in *Hygiene* to the dangerous results of colour-blindness in some occupations, such as the mercantile marine.

A True Friend of Birds,

Dr. Jabez Hogg has also sounded a timely note on behalf of our feathered songsters:—

"Writing with some knowledge of the subject under discussion, I am convinced that while syringing in the green-house may serve to get rid of the 'fly,' it is useless in the orchard, unless very concentrated solutions of some deadly Paris green or arsenical pigment is employed. Such solutions will be found to destroy the small birds, who come hunting over the bark and branches of trees for the eggs of insects and the young caterpillars just commencing their work of destruction. I would remind our agricultural friends that a pair of wrens, robins, or even the despised sparrow will collect and carry to their nests in the early springtime many thousands of caterpillars and grubs in the course of a week. Is it not, then, greatly to the advantage of the fruit-grower to see to the preservation of our feathered friends, and thereby save themselves all the expense and trouble of syringing? Should this fact escape notice, the day of retribution will surely come, when

> Hosts of devouring insects crawled and found
> No foe to check their march, till they had made
> The land a desert, without leaf or shade."

A Southampton Dog Story.

To the store of interesting anecdotes of the staunch fidelity of dogs I have one to add. It comes from Southampton. The incident occurred during the disastrous fire on May 20 at "Hatcher's Yard," Southampton, belonging to Messrs. W. A. Black and Co., the well-known yacht-builders. A brown retriever, kept as a watch-dog on the premises of Mr. Payne, was, in the hurry and bustle caused by the conflagration, taken across the road for safety, but next day refused to go to the owner's private house. The faithful dog laid himself down in the road opposite the charred remains of the burnt buildings, and, at every attempt to pull him away, heaved sighs like a human being. But, later on, the retriever could not conceal his joy and satisfaction at being allowed to return to the ruined offices over which he had kept guard.

M. Sarasate.

This famous violinist, who comes back to us for a brief period, will be heartily welcome. M. Pablo de Sarasate is the Paganini of our day. He has the same perfect command of all the technical difficulties of the violin, combined with a sweetness and purity of tone, which is not rivalled by any other violinist of the present time. He is, besides, not merely a virtuoso, but plays the best music with style, expression, and admirable taste, and thus his varied qualities have made him the most popular soloist of our time. He was born at Saragossa in 1846, and at an early age displayed the refined feeling and elegance now so much admired. The absolute certainty of his mechanism, in the most complicated passages, is truly wonderful.

THE PROMPTER.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Miss Adelaide Moore

heads the list this week, because this charming lady and accomplished actress on Monday night achieved a marked success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. She made a decided hit as Galatea in Gilbert's clever classical comedy, wherein Miss Mary Anderson was so captivating. Endowed with rare grace and beauty, Miss Adelaide Moore was able to present a fresh reading of this delightful part. Miss Moore comes to the Globe, in London, on June 16, and will probably essay the arduous part of Juliet, for which her talents and natural gifts eminently fit her.

Mr. Irving had the satisfaction of entertaining very large audiences on the last nights of his season at the Lyceum, closing on Saturday night with "Olivia," for the benefit of Miss Ellen Terry. Both Mr. Irving as the Vicar of Wakefield and Miss Terry as Olivia played to perfection. In saying *au revoir*, Mr. Irving asked for a cordial welcome to Mr. Augustin Daly's Comedy Company, announced a series of "Macbeth" readings by himself and Miss Terry, and their return to the Lyceum in the autumn with Mr. Herman Merivale's new stage version of Sir Walter Scott's romance "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Mr. Tree has done well to play Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy," with Miss Julia Neilson in the leading part, in front of "A Village Priest" at the Haymarket.

Mr. Mayer could not have been expected to fill so large a theatre as Her Majesty's with the French Plays, but he made a good start on Monday with "La Lutte Pour la Vie," which is to be succeeded by "Paris Fin de Siècle."

Mr. Cecil Howard's "Dramatic Notes" are welcome as the leaves in June, as they form what is really a complete guide to the theatrical productions of last year.

That was a faithful pen-and-ink portrait Mr. Clement Scott drew of the late Mr. E. L. Blanchard in the poetical address read at the Blanchard benefit at Drury-Lane on Monday:—

> The honest, gentle man,
> With silvered head, whose golden pen
> Enlivened life's allotted span,
> And earned the love of fellow-men.

A golden harvest was, happily, reaped for Mr. Blanchard's widow.

Now for the trio of photographs of star-singers printed on "Marguerite's" page. There cannot be a doubt that the fashionable world has rallied round Mr. Augustus Harris at Covent-Garden in a large measure because of the great and deserved popularity of MM. Edouard and Jean de Reszké, whose magnificent voices fill the house in more senses than one whenever they sing at the Royal Italian Opera. Princesses, Duchesses, and Countesses level their lorgnettes at the two handsome brothers, and the general public welcome them with delight. Admirable as Faust, M. Jean de Reszké was similarly good—nay, excellent—as Lohengrin, infusing the part with a due degree of poetic mystery and charm, and being, in fine, a perfect realisation of Wagner's legendary hero of lyric romance. Then, how splendid was M. Edouard de Reszké as the King in "Lohengrin," as Mephistopheles in "Faust," and as the Count in "La Sonnambula"! How grand they both were in "Roméo et Juliette"! I am sure all operagoers who have been enchanted with the singing of the De Reszkés at Covent-Garden will prize the portraits given of them, and appropriately printed in company with Miss Margaret Macintyre, for this fair, fascinating, and accomplished daughter of General Macintyre made an almost ideal Elsa in the memorable performance of "Lohengrin" to which I have alluded, encouraging us to look for further lyric triumphs on the part of this sweet-voiced and sympathetic young prima donna. The De Reszkés (who have a gifted sister, a soprano, now married) were born in Warsaw. The Polish brothers were musically educated in Italy and in France. Jean first appeared in Venice in '74 in "La Favorita"; he then went to the Real at Madrid, and to the Salle Ventadour, in Paris, where he is now first tenor at the Grand Opéra. He first sang in London as a baritone, but is now regarded as the favourite tenor of the Royal Italian Opera. M. Edouard Reszké has had a similarly successful career, and is considered first basso at the Paris Grand Opéra as well as at the Royal Italian Opera in London. Next in popularity to the De Reszkés at Covent-Garden should rank Madame Nordica, Miss Zélie de Lussan (quite Patti-like in appearance and in voice), and M. D'Andrade, who on Monday night delighted us in "Don Giovanni"; the Donna Anna of Madame Tavary being too loud for my liking; but the Leporello of M. Isnardon and the Don Ottavio of Signor Ravelli being worthy the Don Giovanni of the useful D'Andrade.

THESPIS.

Professor Herkomer, R.A., appeared on Monday at the Herkomer Theatre, Bushey, in the rôle of "Filippo," an adaptation from Coppée's "Le Luthier de Crémone."

Zeo, the lady acrobat about whose absence of costume in the picture-posters our prudes have bothered the Bow-street magistrate, should be seen at the Westminster Aquarium, where she goes through a graceful performance.

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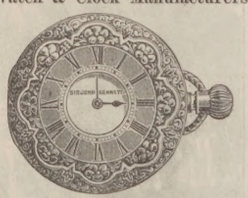

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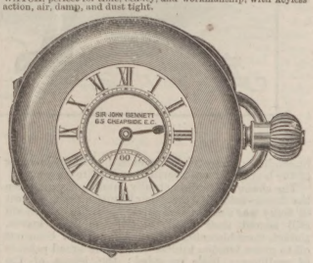

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65 & 64 CHEAPSIDE E.C.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE CHANGE.

"A CHANGE," said Roland, "will surely come, and that before long. I cannot believe"—Armorel remembered the words afterwards—"that you will stay on this island for ever." It needed no unusual gift of prophecy to foretell impending change when the most important member of the household was nearing her hundredth year.

The change foretold actually came in April, when the flower-fields had lost their beauty and the harvest of Scilly was nearly over. Late blossoms of daffodil still reared their heads among the thick leaves, though their blooming companions had all been cut off to grace London tables: there were broad patches of wallflower little regarded: the leaves of the bulbs were drooping and already turning brown: these were the signs of approaching summer to the Scillonian, who has already had his spring. On the adjacent island of Great Britain the primrose clustered on the banks; the hedges of the West Country were splendid, putting forth tender leaves over a wealth of wild flowers; the chestnut buds were swollen and sticky, ready to burst. Do we not know the signs and tokens of coming spring? On Scilly, the lengthening day—there are no hedges and no trees to speak of—the completion of the flower-harvest and the drooping of the daffodil leaves in the fields are the chief signs of spring. Yet there are other signs: if there are no woods to show the tender leaf of spring, there are the green shoots of the fern on the down: and there are the birds. The puffin has already come back: he comes in his thousands: he arrives in April, and he departs in September: whence he cometh and whither he goeth no man hath ever learned nor can naturalist discover. At the same time comes the guillemot, and sometimes the solan-goose: the tern and the sheerwater come too, if they come at all, in spring: but the wild ducks and the wild geese depart before the flower-harvest is finished.

Armorel got up one morning in April a little earlier than usual. It was five o'clock: the sun was rising over Telegraph Hill on St. Mary's. She ran down the stairs, opened the door, and stood in the porch drawing a deep breath. No one was as yet stirring on Samson, though I think Peter was beginning to turn in his bed. Out at sea Armorel saw a great steamer, homeward bound, perhaps an Australian liner: the level rays of the early sun shone on her spars and made them stand out clear and fine against the sky: behind her streamed her long white cloud of smoke and steam, hanging over the water, light and feathery. There were no other ships visible. The air was cold, but the sun of April was already strong. Armorel shivered, caught her hat and ran over the hill, singing as she went, not knowing that in the night, while she slept, the Angel of Death had visited the house.

About seven o'clock she came back, having completely circumnavigated the island of Samson, and made, as usual, many curious observations and discoveries in the manners and customs of puffins, terns, and shags. She returned in the cheerful mood which belongs to youth, health, and readiness for breakfast. She instantly perceived, however, on arriving, that something had happened—something unusual. For Peter stood in the porch: what was Peter doing in the porch at seven o'clock in the morning, when he ought to have been ministering to the pigs? Further, Peter was standing in the attitude of a boy who waits to be sent on an errand. It is an attitude of expectant readiness—of zeal according to duty—of activity bought and freely rendered. You will observe this attitude in all office-boys except telegraph-boys: they never assume it: they affect no zeal: they betray no eagerness to put in a fair day's work. Such an attitude would lack the dignity due to a Government officer. And, at sight of Armorel, Peter hung his head as one who sorrows, or is ashamed or repentant. What did he do that for? What had happened? Why should he hang his head?

She asked these questions of Peter, who only shook his head and pointed within. She also heard Dorcas and Chessun. They were all three speaking in low voices. She hurried in. The door of the old lady's bed-room—that sacred apartment into which no one, except the two hand-maidens, had ever ventured—stood wide open; not only that, but Justinian himself was in the room—actually in the room—and beside the bed. Then Armorel understood what had happened. On no other condition would Justinian be admitted to his old mistress's room. On the other side of the bed stood Dorcas and Chessun. Seeing Armorel at the door, these two ladies instantly lifted up their voices and wailed aloud—nay, they shrieked and screamed their lamentations as if it

She asked Peter, who only shook his head and pointed within. [Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

was the first time in the world's history that death had carried off an aged woman. This they did by a kind of instinct: the thing, though they knew it not, was a survival. In ancient times it was the custom in Lyonesse that the women should all wail and weep and shriek and beat their breasts and tear their hair and cut their cheeks with their nails while the body of the dead king or warrior was carried up the slope of the hill to be laid in its kistvaen and covered with its barrow on Samson Island.

They wailed aloud, then, because it had always been the right thing for the women of Samson to do. Otherwise, when one so ancient dies at last, mind and memory gone before, what place is there for wailing and weeping? One natural tear we drop, for all must die; but grief belongs to the death-bed of the young. There needed no shriek of the women nor anyone's speech to tell Armorel that the white face upturned on the bed was not the face of a living woman. They had folded the dead hands across her breast: the eyes were closed: the countless wrinkles of the aged face were smoothed out: the lips were parted with a wan smile. After many, many years, Ursula, the widow, was gone to rejoin her husband. Pray Heaven her desire be granted, and that she rise again young and beautiful, such a woman as that tall-starred sailor, dragged to the bottom of the sea by the weight of Robert Fletcher's bag, had loved in life!

Peter presently sailed across the Road, and returned with the doctor. It is the part of the doctor not only to usher the newborn into life, but to be present to open the gates of the tomb: without him no one can be buried: of us die, and without him no one can be buried: without him no man of science graciously expressed his willingness to sign the acknowledge, though he had not been called in, that the deceased died of old age. Then he went away.

In the evening there was no music. The violin remained in its place: the great chest was not opened: no one brought out the spinning-wheel: the harpsichord was not pushed back. How was the long evening to be got through without the violin? How could the old ancient tunes be played any more in the presence of that empty chair? When the servants came in to supper as usual and sat round the fire, and the wind blew and moaned, and Justinian stimulated the conversation by flame, and the ruddy light played upon their faces, Armorel began to think that a continuance of these evenings would be tedious. Then they began to talk of the conversation naturally turning on the departed.

"She was not one of them," said Dorcas, "as would never talk of such things. I've often heard her say she wanted to rise again, young and beautiful, just as she was when her husband was took, so that he should love her again."

"Nay," said Justinian, "that's foolish talk. There's neither marrying nor giving in marriage there. You ought to know so much, Dorcas. Husbands and wives will know each other, I doubt not, if it's only for the man's forgiveness after the many crosses and rubs. 'Twould be a pity, with all, if they didn't know each other, golden crown and all. I should be sorry to think you were not about somewhere."

Armorel listened without much interest. She wondered vaguely how Dorcas would look in a golden crown, and hoped that she might not laugh at her. She should be permitted to gaze upon her fellow-saints when fully adorned. Then she listened in silence while these thinkers followed up their speculations on the next world and the decrees of Heaven, with the most freedom of their kind. A strangely brutal, frivolous thing it consigns, without a thought of pity, the greater part of mankind to a doom which they are too ignorant to realise and too stupid to understand. That this old lady, it was agreed, might, perhaps—though in no way by no means certain—have fallen under the dreadful power of Sin at some remote period, before any of those who knew her. Not since: that was certain. Not since her husband, he was cut off in his sins, like all the Roseveans, struck down in his sins, without a moment's warning. So that if the old lady expected to meet him after their separation of nearly eighty years, in the Shores of Everlasting Praise, she would certainly be disappointed, because he was otherwise situated and disposed of. Therefore, she might just as well give it up old and wrinkled.

This kind of talk was quite familiar to Armorel, and generally meant nothing to her. The right of private judgment is claimed and freely exercised in Scilly, where that branch of the Christ-Church, called Bryanite greatly flourishes. Formerly Chessun would have passed over this talk without comment. Now, she had begun to think of these, as well as many other things. Roland's words on leaving had things startled her into thinking. She listened, therefore, wondering what view people like Robert Fletcher would take of her great-grandfather's present condition, and of the poor old lady's prospects of meeting him again. Then her thoughts wandered from these nebulous speculations, and she heard no more, though the conversation became lurid with the flames of Tartarus, and these old religionists gloated over the hopeless sufferings of the condemned. A very holy thing, indeed, has mankind made of the Gospel of Great Joy!

Before they separated, Chessun rose and left the room noiselessly. Armorel had no experience of the situation, but she knew that something was going to be done, something connected with the lugubrious funeral—something solemn.

In fact, Chessun returned after ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the others making a pretence of expecting nothing. Doctrinal meditation was written on Justinian's brow: resignation, that of Dorcas. Chessun bore in her hands a tray on which stood a silver tankard filled with something, two glasses and a plate of biscuits. It was a posset, made with sherry, nutmeg and sugar—an emotional drink, strong, sweet, comforting, very good for many occasions, but, of late years, unfortunately, gone out of fashion.

They all had a glass, the two women meaning to keep their glasses, and the old man shaking his head. Then they went to bed.

They had a posset every night until the funeral. They buried the ancient dame on the Friday. They carried the coffin across the water to Bryher, and the place in New Grinsey Sound, behind which stands the little old church with its churchyard. Armorel and her household followed in one of the family boats and a mourning-carriage. All the people of Bryher were present at the funeral. And after the ceremony them came across to Samson and eat a slice of cake, drink a glass of wine and eat a slice of cake, the women no longer wailing and the men no longer shaking their heads.

All the Roseveans who have escaped the vengeance of Mr. Fletcher's terrible bag lie in Bryher churchyard. They are mostly widows, poor things! Their husbands sleep alone, because their husbands' bones lie, many among the tall weeds in the tranquil depths of the ocean.

And Armorel, looking forward, thought with regret of the long silent evenings while the old servants would sit round in the firelight, silent, or talking of things that might as well have been left unsaid.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARMOREL'S INHERITANCE.

"You are now the mistress, dearie," said Dorcas. "It is time that you should learn what that means."

It was the morning after the funeral—the day of Accession—the beginning of the new Reign. Does it make no difference, does it?

"Why, Dorcas, is makes no difference at all. There are still the flowers and the house and everything."

"Yes—there 's everything." Oh! yes—there's one thing."

Dorcas nodded her head meaningly. "Oh! yes—you don't know everything. Oh! you don't know—you don't suspect—nobody knows—what a surprise is in store for you."

"What surprise, Dorcas?"

"You've never been into her room except to see her lying dead. It's your room now. Yes—your own room, her lying dead. It's your room now. Yes—your own room, in whenever you like. Always the Master or the Mistress has slept in that room. When her father

...dish she took the room. And she's slept in ...since. And no one except me and Chessun to ...down and sweep and dust has ever been in that room since. And now it's yours."

"Well, Dorcas, it may be mine; but I shall go on locking it in my own room."

"And keep it locked—keep it locked up—day and night. There's nobody in Samson to dread—but keep it locked. As for sleeping in it, time enough, perhaps, when you come to marry. But keep it locked up."

"Why, Dorcas, what is in it?"

"I am seventy-five years old and past," Dorcas answered, "I was fifteen when I came to the house, and there I've been ever since. Not one of the grandchildren, no nor the great-grandchildren ever came in here. No one ever knew what is kept here."

"What is it, then?" Armorel asked again.

"I used to come here alone, by daylight, regularly once a month. She locked the door when she went in. No one ever knew what she was doing, and I'd be bound. One day she forgot to lock the door, by accident I opened it, and saw what she was doing."

"What was she doing?"

"She'd opened all the cupboards and boxes, and she'd spread out all the things, and was counting, counting—you may guess, when you have looked after it yourself, what she was doing. I shut the door and locked it, and she never knew that I'd looked in upon her secret. How long would it be before Peter Limbrey would be overseen from the orchard, then, to make safe, however, I've put up a muslin blind, because Peter might take it into his head always to go everywhere peering and prying. No-body knows what I saw. I never even told Justinian. Not even him. Then they blab. You can never trust a man with a secret. They get together, and they tell it out if he knew? Once over at Hugh Boscastle at a bar, and all the world would know in an hour. No, no; the secret was hers: she might have been overseen except to gather the herbs for her simples; and one was mine as well—but that was an accident—she never knew that: now it will be yours and mine. Remember, you will tell nobody—nobody at all."

"Nobody—nobody at all."

"Wherever shall I find this wonderful secret, I wonder?"

"Wherever you look, dearie. Oh! The room is full of things. There can't be such another room in the world. There's crammed with things. Look at the walls. If they knew, all the young lords and ladies would be at your feet, Armorel, because you are so rich. Best keep it secret, though, and get rich."

"Rich? Dorcas, you are joking."

"You shall look and find out. Not that you understand at first—because, how should you know the value of things? Here's her bunch of keys. She always carried them in her pocket, and she kept them under her pillows, and there I found them, sure enough, when she was cold and dead. Take them, child. I never told her secret—also to my own husband. Take the keys, they are yours—your own. You can open the door, you can look at everything: you can do anything: you can look at your inheritance, you can live with everything. It's your inheritance, my dear," she repeated earnestly, "but tell no one. Promise me, my dear, let it remain a secret. Don't let those see you when you come in here. Lock the door as she did. And keep it locked."

Then she led Armorel by the hand to the middle of the room, where there was to be found the great surprise. She opened it, placed a bunch of keys in her hand, pushed her in, and closed it behind her, exclaiming, "Lock it, and keep it locked."

Armorel turned the key obediently, wondering what would happen next.

The room was on the ground floor, looking out upon the orchard, with a northern aspect, so that the sun could only shine in for a small portion of the day, now in the summer months. The apple-trees were in blossom, the pink and white flowers contrasting with the grey stems, which wrapped every branch and hung down like a fringe. The sunshine contrasting with the grey stems, which wrapped every branch and hung down like a fringe. The room was the oldest part of the house, the only remaining portion of an earlier building. It was low and small: the fireplace had never been altered: it stood wide open, with its dogs for the burning logs, and its broad chimney: the window was of three lights, one of which could be opened: all were provided with the old diamond panes in lead, and set up by Dorcas to keep out prying eyes. In the summer days the room would be gloomy. In the cloudy days the bright sunshine out of doors was even with cold and oppressive—perhaps the right word is association of Death. Armorel felt a chill as she looked about her.

The furniture of the room was taken up by a bed, such as was in the old lady's time it had curtains and valance, but in the four corners like the plumes of a hearse, but in faded crimson. Then it looked as though the bed had been stripped: curtains and valance were gone, and only the skeleton remained, with its four great solid posts and its upper frame-work upon the mattress. But the bedstead was a magnificent without its trappings, because it was made of solid mahogany black with age: they no longer made such bedsteads. There was also a dressing-table—with massive legs, but nothing on it.

Over the door and wall there was a row of pegs, and on each beneath them. Now, by some freak of memory, when Dorcas and Chessun hung up the clothes things for the last time—her great bonnet, the cap of many ribbons within it, and the black dress—they arranged them so as to present a most extraordinary appearance, as though they had been sitting and nodding her great bonnet, but the cap so as if in a moment the wrinkled old face, with its hooked nose and the keen eyes, would look out from the bonnet and the cap. She was so startled that she turned the bonnet round, and then she saw that the figure seemed watching with the back of the head. This was uncanny, but it was not so much the faceless form.

Armorel tried the door, but it was locked. Then she tried the handles, but every lock was fast. Under the window stood an old sea-chest. It was a very big sea-chest. One would judge, from its rich carvings and its ornamental iron-work, that it was probably the sea-chest of an Admiral at least—perhaps that of Admiral Fernando Mureno, Armorel's ancestor, if such was his rank in the navy of his Catholic Majesty. The sight of this sea-chest caused the girl to shiver with the fear of expectation. Nobody contemplates the absolutely unknown without a certain fear. It contained, she was certain, the things that Dorcas had seen, of which she would not speak. The chest seemed to drag her: it cried, "Open me. Look inside me—see what I have got to show you."

Then she remembered, as one in a dream, hearing people talk. Words long forgotten came back to her. 'Twas in Hugh Town, whither she went across to school when she was as yet a little girl. "What have the Roseveans"—thus and thus said the voice—"done with all their money? They 've never spent anything: they 've gone on saving and saving. Some day we shall find out what became of it." Was she going to find out what had become of it?

The old lady, in her most lucid moments, had never dropped the least hint of any inheritance, except that disagreeable necessity of getting drowned on account of the unfortunate Robert Fletcher. And that was not an inheritance to gladden the heart. Yet there was an inheritance. It was here, in this room. And she was locked in alone, in order that she, herself unseen by any, might discover what it was.

Baron Bluebeard's last wife—she who afterwards, as a beautiful, rich, and lively young widow, set so many hearts aflame—was not more curious than Armorel. Nor was she, in the course of her investigations, more afraid than Armorel. The girl looked nervously about the room so ghostly and so full of shadow. All old rooms have their ghosts, but some of them have so many that one is not afraid of them. There is a sense of companionship in a crowd of ghosts. This room had only one—that of the woman who had grown old in it—who had spent nearly eighty years in it. All the old ghosts had grown tired of this monotonous room, gone away and left the place to her. Armorel not only "believed in ghosts"—many of us accord to these shadows a shadowy, theoretical belief—she actually knew that ghosts do sometimes appear. Dorcas had seen many—Chessun herself, while not going actually that length, threw out hints. She herself had often, too, gone to look for them. Now she glanced nervously where the "things" were hanging, expecting to see the ancestral figure reappear, shoulders move, the bonnet and cap turn round, the old, old face within them, ready to warn, to admonish, and to guide. If this had happened, it would have seemed to Armorel nothing but what was natural and in the regular course of things looked for. But, outside, the sun shone on the white apple-blossom. No one is very much afraid of ghosts in the sunshine.

She encouraged herself with this reflection, and began with unlocking the chest of drawers. The lower drawers, when they were opened, contained nothing but the "things" of her great-great-grandmother. Among them was a box roughly made—a boy's box made with a jack-knife—it contained a gold watch with a French name upon it—a very old watch, with a representation of the Annunciation in low relief on the gold face. There were also in the box two or three gold chains and sundry rings and trinkets. Armorel took them out and laid them on the table. They were, she said to herself, part of her inheritance. Was this the Great Surprise spoken of by Dorcas? She tried the two upper drawers. They were locked, but she easily found the right key, and opened them. She found that they were filled with lace; they were crammed with lace. There were packets of lace tied up tight, rolls of lace, cardboards with lace wound round and round—an immense quantity of lace was lying in these drawers. As for its value, Armorel knew nothing. Nor did she even ask herself what the value might be. She only unrolled one or two packets, and wondered vaguely what in the world she should do with so much lace. And she wished it was not so yellow. Yet the packets she unrolled contained Valenciennes—some of it half a yard wide, precious almost beyond price. Armorel knew, however, very well how it had got there, and what it meant. The descendant of so many brave runners was not ignorant that lace, velvet, silk and satin, brandy and claret, all came from the French coast with which her gallant forefathers were so familiar before the Preventive Service interfered. This, then, was left from the smuggling times. They had not sold all. They had kept enough, in fact, to stock half a dozen West-End shops, to adorn the trousseau of fifty Princesses. And here the stuff had lain undisturbed since—well, perhaps, since the unfortunate visit of Mr. Robert Fletcher.

"My inheritance, so far," said Armorel, "is a pile of yellow lace and a gold watch and chain and some trinkets. Is this the Great Surprise?" But she looked at the sea-chest. Something more must be there.

Next she turned to the cupboard. It was locked and double-locked. But she found the key. The cupboard was one of those great receptacles common in the oldest houses, almost rooms in themselves, but dark rooms, where mediæval housekeepers kept their stores. In those days housekeeping on a respectable scale meant the continual maintenance of immense stores. All the things which now we get from shops as we want them were then laid in store long before they were wanted. Outside the country town there were no shops; and even in London itself people did not run to the shop every day. The men had great quantities of shirts—three clean shirts a day was the allowance of a solid city man under good Queen Anne—a city man who respected himself: the women had a corresponding quantity of flowered petticoats. Wine was by no means the only thing laid down for future years. All these accumulations helped to give solidity to the appearance of life. When a woman thought of her cupboards filled with fine linen and a man of his cellars filled with wine, the uncertainty and brevity of life alleged by the Preacher seemed not to concern them. It would be absurd to lay down a great bin of good port if one was not going to live long enough to drink it. The fashion, therefore, has its advantages.

Armorel threw open the door and looked in. The place was so dark that she was obliged to light a candle in order to examine the shelves running round the sides of the cupboard. There was a strange smell in the place, which, perhaps, had not been opened for a long time. Bales of some kind lay upon the upper shelves. Armorel took down two and opened them. They contained silk—strong, rich silk. She rolled them up and put them back. On a lower shelf was a most singular collection. In the front row were one—two—no fewer than six punch-bowls, all of silver except one, and that was of silver-gilt. This must be the Great Surprise. Armorel took them all out and placed them on the table. For the most part they showed signs of having been used with freedom—one has heard of an empty punch-bowl being kicked about the place as a conclusion to the feast. But six punch-bowls! "They came," said Armorel, "from the wrecks." Behind the punch-bowls were silver candlesticks, silver snuffers, silver cups, silver tankards—some with coats-of-arms, some with names engraven. There was also a great silver ship, one of those galleons in silver which formerly adorned Royal banquets. All these Armorel took out and arranged upon the table. Among them was a tall hourglass mounted in silver. Armorel set the sand running again, after many years. On the floor there were packets and bundles tied up and rolled together. Armorel opened one of them, and, finding that it contained a packet of gold lace and a pair of gold epaulettes, she left them undisturbed. And standing against the wall, stacked behind the bundles of gold lace, were swords—dozens of swords. What could she do with swords? Well, then, now, at last, she had found the Great Surprise. But still the sea-chest seemed to drag her and to call to her: "Open me! Open me! See what I have got for you!"

"So far, then," she said, "I have inherited a pile of lace; a gold watch, rings, and chains; six punch-bowls, twenty-four silver candlesticks, twelve silver cups, four great tankards, a silver ship, I know not how many old swords, and a bundle of gold lace. I wonder if these things make a person rich?"

If so, great wealth does not satisfy the soul. This was certain, because Armorel really felt no richer than before. Yet the array of punch-bowls was truly imposing, and the silver candlesticks, the snuffers, the tankards, the cups, and the ship, though they sadly wanted the brush and the chamois leather, with a pinch of "whitenin'," were worthy of a College Plate-Room. One might surely feel a little elation at the thought of owning all this silver, even if one did not understand its intrinsic value. But, like the effect of champagne, such elation would quickly wear off.

Next, Armorel remembered the secret cupboard at the head of the bed. Her own bed had its secret recess at the head—every respectable bedstead used formerly to have them. Where else could money be hidden away safely? To be sure, everybody knew this hiding-place, but everybody pretended not to know. It was an open secret, like the concealed drawer in a schoolboy's desk. Our forefathers were full of such secrets that everybody knew. The stocking in the teapot: the receptacle under the hearthstone: the hidden compartment in the cabinet: the secret room: the secret staircase: the recess in the head of the bed—these were all secrets that everybody knew and everybody respected. I think that even the burglar respected these conventions. Armorel knew how to open the panel—she found the spring and it flew open, rustily, as if it had not been opened for a great many years. Behind the panel was a recess eighteen inches long and about nine inches deep. And here stood a Black Jack—nothing less than a Black Jack; a quart Jack, not a Leather Bottell, but a tankard made of tin and painted with hunting scenes something like an Etruscan vase, or perhaps more like a Brown George. Why should anyone want to hide away a Black Jack? This quart pot, however, held something better than stingo—even stronger: it was half filled with foreign money. Here were moidores, doubloons, ducats, pieces-of-eight, Louis d'ors, Spanish pillar dollars, sequins, gold coins from India—nothing at all in the pot less than a hundred years old. Armorel took out a handful and looked at them. Well, gold coins do look like money. She began to feel really rich. She had a quart tankard half full of gold coins. She added the Black Jack to the other treasures on the table. All this foreign money must have come out of the wrecks. And, since it was all so old, out of wrecks that had happened before the memory even of the Ancient Lady. This, then, was perhaps the Great Surprise.

But there remained the sea-chest under the window, and again, when Armorel looked upon it, the chest continued to call to her, "Open me! Open me! See what I have got for you!"

Armorel found the key which unlocked it, and threw open the lid. Within, there was the deep tray which belongs to every sea-chest. This was filled with a quantity of uninteresting brown canvas bags. She wanted to see what was below, and tried to lift the tray, but it was too heavy. Then, still regarding the bags of no account, she took one out. It was heavy, and when she lifted it there was a clink as of coin. It was tied tightly at the mouth with a piece of string. She opened it. Within there were gold coins. She took out a handful: they were all sovereigns, some of them worn, some quite new and fresh from the Mint. She poured out the whole contents of the bag on the table. Why, it was actually full of golden sovereigns. Nothing else in the bag. All golden sovereigns! And there were five hundred of them. She counted them. Five hundred pounds! She had never, it is true, thought much about money—but—five hundred pounds! It seemed an amazing sum. Five hundred pounds! And all in a single bag. And such a little bag as this. She put back the money and tied up the bag.

Then she took out another bag. This was as big as the first, and heavier. It was full of guineas—Armorel counted them. There were also five hundred of them. Some of them were so old that they bore the impression of the elephant, and therefore belonged to the seventeenth century. But most of them belonged to the eighteenth century, and bore the heads of the three first Georges. Five hundred guineas—and never before had Armorel seen a guinea! Well, she thought, that made a thousand pounds. She took up another bag and opened it. That, too, weighed as much, and was full of gold. And another, and yet another. They were all full of gold. And now she knew what Dorcas meant—this—nothing but this—was the Great Surprise! Not the punch-bowls, or the lace, or the bales of silk, but these bags full of gold constituted her wealth. She understood money, you see: lace and silk were beyond her. This was her inheritance!

(To be continued.)

NO ASSISTANCE.

Scene—the Club, 5 p.m.

CHOLLY (meditatively): "By Jove! I wish I knew what Kitty Keene would say, if I should ask her to marry me."

HOLLY (with a tone of bitter reminiscence): "I could tell you what she said to me when *I* did, if it would help you any, old fellar!"

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

ASCOT RACE MEETING.

ALL the best places at and near Ascot (says the *World*) have been taken for the race-week, and there will be large parties at nearly every house. Lord and Lady Wimborne will be at Down Place, Lord and Lady Hillingdon at Harewood Lodge (where the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed a few years ago), Lord and Lady Sefton at Holly Springs, Mr. Arthur Wilson at Kenegie, Lord and Lady Gerard at Englemere Wood, the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Frognall, Lord and Lady Curzon at Kenwode Court, Mr. Sassoon at Forest Farm, Lord Durham at Kenilworth, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose at The Links, Lord Penrhyn at Orchard Wood, the Duke of Wellington at Ravenbury, Mr. Panmure Gordon at Hillsborough; Prince Soltykoff, Lord March, and Mr. Houldsworth at Fir Bank; Mr. and Mrs. Vyner at the New Rectory, Mr. Edward Lawson at Bangor Lodge, and Mr. Legh at Coombe Grange.

The Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe will entertain a large party at Ascot Heath House during the race-week. Madame De Falbe intends to give a ball at her house in Grosvenor-square in July, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages (3 stamps), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London.—[ADVT.]

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH should wear HARNESS' Electric Belt. It is guaranteed genuine, produces a mild current comfortable to wear, and has cured thousands of cases of rheumatic and nervous affections, liver, kidneys, &c. Book of testimonials, pamphlet, &c., sent free on application to THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD., 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Those in search of health should write at once, and procure these invaluable health appliances.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

BALMORAL never looked more beautiful (remarks "Atlas" in the *World*) than when bathed in the glorious sunshine which welcomed the return of the Queen, and lit up the statues of Scotch heroes and the rooms hung with many-coloured tartans. Her Majesty was in excellent spirits at her Birthday lunch, and since her arrival in Scotland her health has undergone a marvellous change for the better. She was delighted at King Leopold's flying visit, and at once ordered his gigantic bouquet of mauve orchids to be placed in a gilt basket in the centre of the luncheon-table. The King (who brought Sir Algernon Borthwick as far as Ballater) sat on the Queen's right, and Prince Henry of Prussia much pleased his grandmother by appearing in full Highland costume; but Prince Henry of Battenberg, for some occult reason, failed to don the kilt on this occasion. The Queen had a long talk over old times with her "trusty cousin," and her principal piper marched up and down the lawn outside playing Scotch airs. The fields and hedges around Balmoral are just now ablaze with primroses and other wild flowers.

Lord Cross was to remain at Balmoral as Minister in attendance on the Queen for ten days, when his place will probably be filled by Lord Knutsford, of whom the Queen has a very high opinion, though no one approaches the popularity of Lord Cross, who is one of her most intimate friends and advisers, and in whom she has unbounded confidence.

Sir Francis Seymour (whom Sir Chris. Teesdale succeeds as Master of the Ceremonies) is to retain his rooms at Kensington for his life, which may be a long one, for, though he is partially paralysed, he is otherwise very well. The Queen has a great feeling of attachment to him, on account of the great opinion and regard the Prince Consort had of him; and the Queen has in her books, on several occasions, put on record the belief the Prince had in his unbounded good sense and high character.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales dined on Sunday last with Mr. Edward Lawson in Grosvenor-square.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Maria Lady Ailesbury, and Lord and Lady Cadogan will be among the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sunninghill Park during Ascot week, where the Royal party are to arrive on Monday, the 16th.

The Duchess of Teck's fête, in aid of her boarding-out fund and of Kingston Vale Church, will be held at Warren House, Coombe Wood, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10 and 11. H.R.H. and Princess May hold the flower-stall, assisted by Lady Wolverton and Lady Dunraven.

The Prince of Wales, Grand Master of Freemasons, has appointed the Duke of Clarence (Prince Albert Victor) Provincial Grand Master of the Berks and Bucks Freemasons, in succession to the late Sir Daniel Gooch, who held that position for many years. It is probable that the Prince of Wales will himself install the Duke, and that the ceremonial will take place at a special Provincial Grand Lodge to be held at Reading a few weeks hence.

Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Torquay on Saturday evening, and went on board his yawl Sheila for a fortnight's cruise in the Channel.

The gunboat Thrush, in command of Prince George of Wales, left Plymouth Sound last Sunday morning, with No. 70 Torpedo Boat in company, for Gibraltar, where the torpedo boat will remain. The Thrush will then proceed from Gibraltar to the North American and West Indies Station.

The Duchess of Albany presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the Oxford Prize Scheme Needlework and Self-Help Association at Oxford Townhall last Saturday.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) opened, on Tuesday, "The Columbia Mart," at the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge. A special feature of this bazaar is the Coast Indian Lodge, constructed of Sequioa wood, imported from British Columbia.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale arrived at Marlborough House on Monday evening from York, and was present at the annual dinner of the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, at the Albion, Aldersgate-street.

The Emperor William continues to make most satisfactory progress towards recovery from the effects of his recent accident.

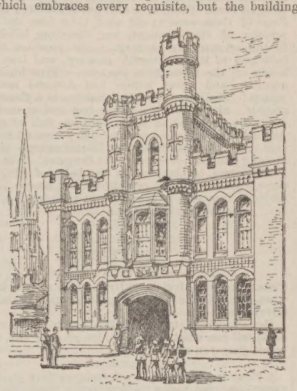
President Carnot has accepted the invitation of Count Münster to dine at the German Embassy in Paris on the 21st inst.

M. Constans, French Minister of the Interior, on Monday signed an order prohibiting the *paris mutuels* outside racecourses, as well as all intermediary betting agencies in France.

Mr. Matt Morgan, the clever artist who drew for the *Illustrated Times* and the *Tomahawk* on this side the Atlantic, and distinguished himself in America by his cartoons in *Harper's Weekly* and other art work full of remarkable vigour, died in New York on Monday last, we regret to hear.

By the death of the Earl of Milltown, which took place suddenly last Saturday morning at his residence at Russborough, county Wicklow, the House of Lords loses one of its most industrious members.

The fine drill hall we sketch, erected at the cost of Mr. Joseph Ruston, Monks' Manor, Lincoln, was opened by the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, on Saturday, May 24. Not only have the Headquarter Companies of the 1st Lincolnshire Volunteer Battalion been provided with a drill hall which embraces every requisite, but the building,



NEW VOLUNTEER DRILL HALL, LINCOLN, THE GENEROUS GIFT OF MR. JOSEPH RUSTON.

with its frontage of 55 ft. to Broadgate, is an ornament to the city. The front elevation, of red brick and stone, with Ancaster dressings, presents a military aspect, with its embattlements and watch-turret. The gateway is 10 ft. wide, and above it the Royal arms are skilfully carved out of stone. On entering we find to the right the officers' room, and farther on commodious apartments for other purposes, recreation-rooms, and a fine hall. Well done, Mr. Ruston! May your example be followed in every town! For the information of intending donors, it may be said that the architect of the building is Major F. H. Goddard (Messrs. Goddard and Son, Lincoln). The building contract has been carried out by Messrs. H. S. and W. Close, Lincoln.

The papers seized at the Paris lodgings of the Russians now in detention were for the most part in the Russian tongue, and are being translated for the Paris Juge d'Instruction. He says that none of them can be released until he knows what are the contents of these papers. Experiments are being made on the seized chemicals by M. Girard, the head of the Paris Laboratory, with another chemical expert and a gunsmith. It was found by them that an explosive given them by the Parquet, and manufactured by one of the prisoners, had ten times the destructive power of nitro-glycerine.

The Coaching Club's parade drew an immense crowd to Hyde Park on Saturday morning last—a *P.I.P.* Artist being, of course, to the fore. Mr. Henry Brassey led the twenty-three coaches. It was a fine sight as they tooled merrily down the road on the north bank of the Serpentine, turned westward at the Corner, and went up the Ladies' Mile at a good pace—some to Barn Elms, and others to Hurlingham. But the Four-in-Hand Club meet will probably beat the Coaching Club's for splendour and smartness.

The grand Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall fitly opened on June 5, in the Derby week, and will close on June 11.

The House of Commons reassembled on Monday after the Whitsun recess. Replying to questions, Sir James Fergusson, on the part of the Government, disclaimed any knowledge of the reported landing of French Marines in Newfoundland, and of the sending of an English war-vessel to that part, saying that dependence might be placed on the officers of England and France to maintain a conciliatory attitude. The House went into Committee of Supply, the Colonial Vote being discussed. On Tuesday the Allotments Bill was considered as amended, and Lord Elcho moved that the House at its rising should adjourn over the Derby Day until Thursday.

Much interest is felt in Halifax, N.S., in the Newfoundland controversy. The French war-ship Bisson arrived there last Sunday night from the West Indies, and after remaining there a week will join the French fleet on the coasts of Newfoundland and St. Pierre.

The British North American squadron arrived at Halifax on Monday morning from Bermuda.

The order for the dispatch of H.M. ironclad Bellerophon and the cruisers Comus and Canada from Bermuda for Halifax was issued a month ago, in conformity with the usual custom of sending the British North American squadron to the North during the summer months. The movement of these vessels has no connection whatever with the Newfoundland fisheries question, nor is there any truth in the report that an infantry battalion and two batteries of artillery had been ordered to proceed to Newfoundland.

Mr. Stanley (who must be suffering from a surfeit of banquets) was last Monday evening presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, at a banquet given in the hall of that guild. The Prime Warden, Mr. Isaac Lister, presided over a very large and distinguished company. In replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Stanley referred to the recent action of Germany in Africa, reasserting the view he has previously expressed as to the right of England ought to pursue in regard to that Colony. He suggested that a deputation from the City of London should wait upon the Prime Minister to lay before him their wish in the matter.

Mr. Stanley's desire that a steamer should be placed on the Victoria Nyanza to aid in opening up and Christianising Central Africa has led to the promotion of a Stanley Fund for this purpose. A Mansion House on Thursday afternoon last, when Fife arranged to preside at a meeting in support of the fund. The Duke could very well afford to pay for the steamer and crew out of his own well-filled pockets.

PARIS PICTURE SHOWS.

(Continued.)

MUNKACSY, whose work is so often exhibited in London, has a ceiling he has painted for the Museum at Vienna; but a ceiling is not meant to be hung like a picture on the wall, and so he is in this way, with its perspective and foreshortening so violent, it is absolutely impossible to say whether it is good or bad. A Roman chariot race, by Checa, with the horses of one chariot flying in wild confusion in the foreground, and the spectators above looking on with cruel delight at the accident, is very spirited and clever. Bastien Lepage, too, is a charming pastoral by Jules Dupré, one of the best things in the show, which unfortunately presents only a white cow being milked as she stands patiently in the sunlight in front of a thatched cottage. But it has what artists call great quality, a certain indefinable something which makes it stand out with distinction.

I do not think there are quite as many of the Salon horrors as usual, though there is one battle piece in a dissecting-room, and in many canvases blood is being shed in rich profusion. One of the most unpleasant is an experiment in Impressionism by Détaille, the popular military painter, of a fine charge of an artillery regiment—one of the finest things he has ever done.

I noticed work by several well-known English men. Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Burne-Jones are both represented by portraits; there are also things by Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Clausen, who are among the principal contributors to the New Grosvenor; and Mr. Whistler has sent two of his beautiful and true nocturnes. But, on the whole, the show is neither very brilliant nor interesting. And no wonder, one thinks, after a first glance round the Champ de Mars; for here, gathered together in much smaller space and with little pretension, is commonplace to destroy the delightful memory of excellence, are the picked pictures of the year. The exhibition contains only about nine hundred pictures, while there are over two thousand at the Old Salon. They are hung with the greatest care and discrimination. There is no wearisome crowding of every square inch of wall at the Champ de Mars, the hanging committee; the paintings are not more than two deep, sometimes there are only above the one on the line. In many cases the work of a contributor is grouped together, so that his methods can be studied to advantage. Another attraction is a large "Conversation Room," with a great window opening on to the Exhibition gardens, and luxurious, comfortable chairs and couches. Down stairs a restaurant also looks upon the garden, and nothing has been done to add to the pleasure of the visitor.

It would be useless for me here to attempt to describe in detail all the good things, and bad, for these are so many that the necessary space forbids to mention them could not be spared. But I may say to anyone coming from London, the most striking feature is the number of fine portraits. Carolus Duran, one of the great modern portrait painters, shows no less than seven. Four are full length, and all are characterised by his subtle rendering of colour, of character, his delightful rendering of textures, and his simplicity and grace of pose. No one could be finer in colour than a lady in a velvet gown just throwing back a fur cloak, or more charming than a girl in a pink standing with clasped hands against a curtain. Mr. Sargent, his pupil, has sent a marvellous portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth which we all saw last year at the Grosvenor Gallery. M. Roll, another distinguished French artist, has painted Madame Jane Hading, the beautiful French actress, famous for her golden hair, who has often acted in London. M. Coquelin cadet, of the French Theatre, has painted of the more famous actor of the same name, Lhermitte, Edelfelt, Boldini, and Besnard are among the other portrait-painters whose work should be carefully studied.

One of the greatest Impressionists is Besnard, and there are several striking examples of his success in the treatment of brilliant colour and atmospheric effects. His work is very decorative, and one is glad to find that he has been commissioned to paint a ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. French artists have a much better chance than their English brethren of painters to show their skill in the decoration of municipal and public buildings. In the Luxembourg collection are several other works by Besnard, the Hôtel de Ville, as well as for the Museum of St. Martin in Paris and the Museum of Rouen. The decorator of this last-named building is Puvis de Chavannes. Some reproductions of his work and a short and excellent description of it were published in *Harper's* for May.

Many of the landscapes are delightful in their outdoor feeling and fine effects of sunlight, but the work, characterised by strong individuality, were but the exception, I might have said in every example at some length. But as there are all the pictures are strikingly good, and as originality, I must content myself with saying everyone who goes to Paris this month to visit the Champ de Mars. If he can only give time to but one exhibition, let him by all means give the preference to the New rather than the Old Salon.

THE RACING WORLD

What a rush and a whirl it is, all this quick succession of meetings! One quite deserves a pause and time to recover after the heavy business of the four days at Manchester. Instead of what the Australians call a spell, meaning a spell off work, we have

Epsom Summer,

with its Derby and Grand Prize and Oaks and all the rest. Neither weather nor good or bad prospects of sport ever affected a Derby crowd much, because, you see, pretty nearly everyone who makes up his or her mind overnight to go to

The Derby

will go wet or shine, big field or, what has never yet occurred in the history of the race, a walk-over. To a great extent this anniversary was spoilt by the main body of non-professional punters. They

To Back Surefoot,

but will not lay odds on a horse, no matter whether the price is fair at all, only moderate, considering the animal's form. The British Public hates putting down a bigger stake than it can win for the outlay. I fancy that some of the swell plungers, too, were more careful than usual—or should I say less reckless? They had not forgotten Saturday's disaster at Manchester, where Niagara upset 100 to 8 on Shillelagh. There was a most extraordinary affair. Unless Shillagh has

Gone Off Two Stone

in less than a week, or Niagara come on to that extent, or, between the two, that alteration has occurred, it is hard to understand how Shillelagh found a busy second fiddle only to the three-year-old. Ireland, and trifle Niagara would have been without a care. As it was, Niagara, at 30 to 1, in a field of three, and ridden by a jockey who only got a license a few weeks ago, quite easily

Upset the Certainty.

Le Nord was, it appears, only sent to France as a precautionary measure, so that he might take his engagement place in the French Derby should the latter not be able to start. As Heaume was got right enough for Sunday's race, Le Nord was soon under orders for England again, and, while his stable companion of the morning was putting

The French Derby

to the credit of Baron De Rothschild, the other string to the Baron was on his way home. Heaume landed all right, but pulled up lame, and evidently there were good grounds for the rumours circulated to the effect that he could not be fit to race. When

Le Nord

left Newmarket for Chantilly odds on Surefoot rose. It was expected Le Nord would not be in the Derby. The second fiddlers to deal more liberally, but the majority of speculators declined to believe in the Rothschild colt having a show against Surefoot. He had to be found to beat all the exposed horses, they argued, and the mysterious outsider must be by Sainfoin. The Beggar, Hackler with due punctuality, and then slid out. Jockeying never was so tame before. In fact, the principal feature of wagering was gossip thereon. A leading item was the bad luck of Mr. C. J. Merry in the Derby bet which was not taken from Sir John Willoughby. The liability of

Ten Thousand Pounds

to one hundred turned out too great for the layer, who had had such luck recently.

Never has Epsom looked in better trim than when the four days' meeting opened. Rain would have been welcomed, that is to say, Mr. Aquarius could have been induced to do his watering between the acts, as it were; but, of course, those who signed for showers for a wet Derby Day, to lay the dust and soften the going did not wish

The Opening Day at Epsom

to draw a goodly number of sportsmen to the breezy downs, whose salubrity both Lord Elcho and Mr. Latchford waxed eloquent in the House of Commons on Tuesday. As usual, that Prince of sportsmen the Prince of Wales, proved himself a regular attendant at Epsom Summer Meeting; and notable winners on the new Turf Zealots was Colonel North, who won a hockey on Tuesday that two of his horses were placed": his Nitrate Queen and two were "placed": his Nitrate Queen for the Rannoch Two-Year-Old Plate, and the Colonel's Idalesleigh gained the Epsom Plate.

The Rainy Derby Day

was a disappointment to many who started from town under regular London leaden sky, and the showers naturally kept many away from Epsom Downs. Oh, what a surprise! when the great favourite for the Derby, Surefoot, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and the colt on which odds were laid by Mr. A. W. Merry and his confident trainer! Sir Blundell Maple's Merry and his confident trainer! Sir Blundell Maple's Merry and his confident trainer! Sir Blundell Maple's

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Royal Italian Opera

at Covent-Garden should be visited this month by all who would see the fine flower of the British aristocracy in its most dazzling array—boxes and stalls flashing with diamonds and other costly gems, and their beauty. What is the supreme attraction that makes the present season at the Royal Italian Opera so brilliantly successful? A little bird whispers in my ear that the great popularity of the Opera is in a large measure due to the brothers De Reszké, who, besides having grand voices are held in high favour by Society. Referring the reader to "Thespis" for particulars of the career of MM. De Reszké, I am glad to give here Portraits on this page, together with the portrait of Miss Margaret Macintyre, of whom we should be especially proud, as she is British-born.

I saw a very pretty and interesting sight last month at the Crystal Palace; and some of my readers probably saw it also. The girls of the High Schools in London and the suburbs were gathered together to the number of over

Three Thousand,

by order that the prize-winners might receive their prizes in the form of handsomely bound books and certificates, from her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. The each thousand high school girls were seated in the great transept for the Handel Festival, and which was distinguished by a badge of colour placed either in front or on

The Left Side.

I went down from town in a train full of girls, and I noticed that every one of them, big and little, carried a little parcel done up in nice white tissue paper. I confess I was very curious to know what those neat but flimsy parcels contained for I knew it was not sandwiches or cakes for they did not look

Substantial Enough

to carry; but it was not until I was within the Palace, and full in view of the enthusiastic encouragement of bright, happy-looking girls and children up above me in the orchestra, that the mystery was solved. Hats, jackets, and cloaks disappeared like magic, and were stowed away out of sight under

The Benches;

then there was a general opening of the flimsy parcels, and out of them came clouds of white muslin. With a few exceptions, each girl brought with her a fichu of soft Indian muslin, trimmed with lace, which she put round her neck like a handkerchief form, and then pinned in front. The Wimbledon school looked charming indeed with pale apple-green ribbons. Others had white, with

Red Edges,

and so on through the rainbow. A great many of the girls who were to receive prizes wore white frocks, and looked very smart indeed; and the head mistresses, who all carried lovely bouquets, were gorgeous, and made quite a pretty picture in the front row of the reserved seats. At three o'clock Princess Louise arrived, with Lord Lorne. She wore a dress of pale-biscuit colour, with silk panels, and

Crossed Folds

on the bodice, and a bonnet of dark-ruby velvet. A tiny mite of a girl, with short fluffy skirts sticking out all round, presented her Royal Highness with a large bouquet of lovely red roses; then the girls sang some glees and part-songs to the organ accompaniment; and, after that part of the performance was over, the

Prize-Giving

began. Each girl had to pass before the Princess, to curtsey, and then to walk on to her place carrying her precious prize, amid the hand-clapping of her schoolfellows. The very little girls carried off their honours gracefully enough; but I am sorry not to be able to say as much for the big ones. Why, may I ask, should not a

Good Carriage

and graceful movements go hand in hand with

MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE, THE NEW ELSA.
From a Photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford-street, London.

M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, THE FAMOUS TENOR.
From a Photograph by MM. Benque and Co., 33, Rue Boissy d'Anglas, Paris.

M. ÉDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, THE FAMOUS BASSO.
From a Photograph by MM. Benque and Co., 33, Rue Boissy d'Anglas, Paris.

OBER-AMMERGAU, BAVARIA, SCENE OF THE PASSION PLAY.

A JUNE BOUQUET OF HATS AND BONNETS.—[SEE "THE WORLD OF WOMEN."]

the higher education? and why should there be, apparently, no happy medium between boldness, which is detestable, and awkward self-consciousness, in young English girls? The majority of them are pretty and bright; but not one in every twenty knows how to walk or to carry her arms and head. Brains are delightful things; but no amount of brains need prevent a woman from learning how to use her limbs properly. But this

Universal Awkwardness

arises, I am convinced, from universal self-consciousness. Shyness is nothing in the world but vanity latent, or vanity rampant. Girls, and boys too, should be taught from a very early age that the people with whom they come in contact are not thinking about them. Little children are very rarely self-conscious, because what people say or think does not

Trouble Them.

I am aware that some fortunate people were born self-possessed; but modest, graceful self-possession can be taught—not, however, by a drill-master. Like masters of elocution, who occasionally ruin the art of speech, they only make matters worse sometimes. I once heard a very bright woman say, "I would far rather walk across a room gracefully than spell correctly," but there is no reason why

"Our Girls"

should not do both.

How very often we hear it said now that manners are deteriorating, that women talk slang, and are loud and vulgar in their ways! Some of them are certainly very loud; but I think anyone who has been to see the play "Miss Tomboy," at the Vaudeville, will admit that even the poor, much-derided

"Masher,"

and the loudest and most slangy girl of his acquaintance, compare very favourably with Fanny Tomboy, Lord Foppington, and Tom Fashion, the hero of the piece. Most certainly, if they represent the manners, customs, and speech of the time, as I believe they do, I am glad I live now.

June Bouquet of Bonnets.

Well may the group of bonnets, sketched from the *Lady's Pictorial*, be termed a June bouquet, seeing how generally flowers are still worn as gay — sometimes too gay — embellishments of ladies' head-coverings. Those coiffures are most becoming which are adorned with flowers of the quietest hues and soberest colours. Noted for the tastefulness of their bonnets are Messrs. Seaman and Little, of High-street, Kensington, one of the brightest and pleasantest quarters of London. The few specimens of their skill are well worth reproducing.

No. 1 of Seaman and Little's designs is a modest little bonnet of black lace, with soft folds of pale-green tulle resting on the hair. It is trimmed on the crown with forget-me-nots.

No. 2 is a bonnet in fancy Tuscan straw, tastefully trimmed with white tips and yellow birds-of-paradise feathers. No. 3 is a smart rustic hat, trimmed with cherries and leaves. Through the brim green ribbons are prettily threaded.

No. 4 is a piquant jet and lace bonnet, trimmed with wild roses and leaves. No. 5, an inexpensive rustic hat trimmed with pale-blue silk, will be found especially suitable to fair-haired young ladies. No. 6 is a white chip hat, trimmed with white feathers and white ribbons.

As there is so much of that troublesome but delightful quality human nature in little boys, may I be allowed to mention, for the benefit of the mothers of small sons, a pretty article of clothing which has been brought out for our little men? We all know that, although the sailor blouse is very picturesque, it is rather troublesome on account of the open neck, which requires to be filled in

With Flannel;

and the flannel gets grubby very soon, and generally shrinks in the washing, &c. You can now get, at Peter Robinson's, very nice and well-cut white shirts, with deep collars, under which a ribbon can be tied. These shirts button from the throat in front, fit well across the chest and back, and puff out prettily above the trouser band.

My Compliments

to a reader in Stafford, who kindly sent me a specimen of a new invention which has to do with a baby's bottle! I am much obliged, but would suggest that he should address himself to the Editress of *Baby*, or some magazine specially intended for mothers. I *try* not to interfere with what I do not understand, and babies are far beyond

MARGUERITE.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[ADVT.]

A VISIT TO OBER-AMMERGAU.

THERE are several advantages which await the visitor to the Passion Play of 1890 which were not enjoyed ten years earlier. The first of these is, of course, the extension of the railway to within a comparatively short drive from the village; the second, of scarcely less importance, is that the new road, which winds its way from Oberau railway-station to the Ettal Monastery, is very much more beautiful and picturesque than the old one in use until quite recently. It may also be added that the more gradual ascent precludes the necessity for continually alighting, as formerly. To the manifold beauties of this drive over the Ettal justice has never been done, and it has certainly been too much the custom to underrate the attractiveness of Ober-Ammergau itself, in consequence, no doubt, of the bad weather which frequently prevails. Imagine, however, in a pleasant valley, surrounded with fir-clad mountains, a long straggling village of Swiss châlets, strongly built and substantial-looking. The houses indicate a prosperity far beyond the reach of the majority of Swiss peasants.

I have spoken with most of the leading actors in the world-renowned tragedy. All of them inspire one with the persuasion that they are men of simple life and genuine piety of mind. Of the fifteen leading male characters, eight, including the Christus, are employed as carvers of ornamental wood, one as a builder, one as a house-painter, one as a tailor, and one as a baker. Perhaps the most prosperous of all is Johann Diemer, an hotel proprietor, who, Sir Wilfrid Lawson will be glad to learn, takes the part of Herod.

Eight of the characters play the same part as they played in 1880, the most important change being the substitution of Johann Zwink, the new Lechner in the part of Judas. The new Judas seems only too conscious of his deficiencies at the dress rehearsal, which were remarked upon in some English newspapers. But he pleaded to me the difficulty of following so brilliant an impersonator as Lechner, and the immense difficulty of the part, to say nothing of its thankleness.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the actors with whom I have conversed is Seaman Lang, the personator of Nathaniel—a fine, strong and indeed lovable man, with a face which a painter would select as a type of manliness. He occupies the house of his deceased uncle, the famous Pastor Daisenberger, to whom the prologue of the present play owes so much. He showed me the room in which Daisenberger died. When asked whether the inrush of tourists did not vulgarise the play out of existence, or reduce it to the level of an ordinary dramatic contract, he expressed himself as perfectly convinced to the contrary. Forty years had elapsed since the attention of the German actors was called to the Passion Play by Edward Devrient, the greatest of German actors, and yet it was ten years later that O'Shea and other newspaper correspondents gave it a voice in England. During these forty years there had been no tendency to deterioration, and, on the contrary, through Pastor Daisenberger's efforts the play has gained much in religious fervour and devotional tendency. It was true, he admitted, that there had been a great increase of visitors upon theatre and dresses, but extra expenses were needed, and it was as yet uncertain whether there would not be an actual loss to the village.

Altogether apart from the merits of the performance, it is a pleasing spectacle to see a peasant community devoting its evenings to a high form of dramatic art. In November the characters were selected by a committee of the twenty leading villagers. Thence until May there have been two rehearsals every week of the different scenes. These are held in the houses of the various characters, and on Sunday afternoons there have been rehearsals of portions of the play.

Independently of the play, I may add, a visit to Ober-Ammergau is a thing to be desired, at least, when the sun shines as brightly and the sky is as blue as it has been during the past few days. High above us towers the Kofel, surmounted by a glittering cross. As I write Nature is at her loveliest and best. As I write a herdsman is driving home the goats from the mountain, the goat-bells tinkling the while. The villagers come to their doors, fold their hands, generally with a piece of bread therein, and each goat leaves its fellows and runs to its owner, so that by the time the end of the village is reached the herdsman's duties are at an end.

C. A. S.

We may add that the opening performance of the Passion Play took place on Monday last, 26, and will be repeated on every Sunday in June, July, August, and September, and on some week-day holidays, in the newly built theatre, with scenery and costumes furnished by the Opera-house at Vienna. The following is a list of the chief characters and the actors who represent them: "Christus," "John," "Peter," "Petrus," Jacob Hett; "Judas," Johann Zwink; "Mary," "Martha," "Anna," Mary," Rosa Lang; "Helena," "Salome," Amalia Deschler; "Cainphas," "Annas," Johann "Herod," Johann Diemer; "Cainphas," "Annas," Priest," Franz Rutz; "Pontius Pilate," Joseph Lang; "Nathaniel," Sebastian Lang; "Simon of Cyrene," Gregory Lechner; "Barabbas," Johann Oswald. The leader of the orchestra is Jacob Rutz, and Joseph Gruber is conductor of the chorus. Between the acts of the Passion Play are exhibited a series of "tableaux vivants," representing incidents of the Old Testament, which have been reputed to be typical of the prophetic of the gospel of Christ. One of these, from the "Book of Esther," is shown in one of our Illustrations, with Portraits of the actors representing "Christus," "Petrus," and "Nathaniel."

THE BEST HE KNEW HOW.

DE BRIGGS: "What are you trying to do, Gibbs?"
GIBBS: "New trick. Trying to drop that copper off my nose into the funnel."

DE BRIGGS: "Huh! That's easy. Lemme try it."

GARDENING IN SEASON

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

The Month of June

with it the first full rich flush of summer, and nearly all nature now teems with pure and healthful beauty. Even the oak and ash, last to don their summer dress, are at length in full foliage, and, by the way, if there is truth in the old adage, we shall have

A Fine Summer.

The cold was most decidedly first in the race this year. Now the meadows are knee-deep in grass, and full of buttercups: the lanes are redolent of the sweet blossoms of the hawthorn, and the hedgerows are gay with many another charming wild-flower, or with delicately tinted fern. In the

Flower Garden

all is bright and fair. The lilacs, laburnums, and rhododendrons are getting over now, but many of their beauties and azaleas are still in all their glory, while their places are being taken by gorgeous masses of calceolaria and a hundred other rich summer flowers. One of the chief arts in good gardening is to maintain a constant succession of bright blossoms, to see to it that before one set have yet faded another is already taking its place, and thus to constitute a floral calendar, and ensure a garden that is always gay, or, at least, attractive. The first

Roses

are now opening, and are sure to win their meed of praise. If the weather is dry, they must be copiously well watered at the root once a week, with a suitable, weak liquid manure instead of pure water. Frequently syringing the foliage also tends to keep it clean and free from insects, and improves the health of the plants. If the ordinary green-fly appears, syringe with an infusion of tobacco and soft soap, and endeavour to destroy the maggot by persistent hand-picking. Disbud fine flowers, thin out some of the shoots, and also the shoots, if at all crowded.

Bedding Plants

have to get out without loss of time. Only in the most southern and favoured districts is it ever safe to expose anything of a tender nature in the open air before the first days of June, but, this period once arrived, the sooner they are planted the better, for the season is all too short at the best. Begin with the more hardy subjects—pelargoniums (geraniums), calceolarias, verbenas, golden feather, lobelias, and so forward to the petunias, heliotropes, and finish off with the more delicate bedding subjects, alternantheras, coleuses, and so forth, with castor-oil plants for "centre specimens," which are seldom safe in the open air before the middle of the month.

Planting

may also take place while the soil is in an intermediate condition—neither wet nor dry. If very light and dry, it should be watered both before and after planting; if very heavy, disturb it as little as possible, and never set a foot on the beds. Watering should be done before the holes are quite filled up again, a loose surface tending to check evaporation, or, a few hours after planting, the hoe may be lightly run over the soil between the plants with good effect. In all cases plant firmly, and do not break or disturb the roots, if possible.

Small Seedlings,

taken from boxes—such as lobelias, stocks, asters, and so forth, must be carefully planted, kept regularly moist until established, and shaded in some way from hot sun for a time subsequently.

Dahlias

may also go out now—that is, if the plants are strong and well hardened. Young plants, from cuttings struck this spring, always afford the finest flowers: these should be kept to a single main stem, and not allowed to branch too much. Old roots are hardier and more floriferous, as a rule, but the flowers are smaller: if they throw many shoots, these should be thinned to a moderate number—three, four, or five at the most. What are known as "pot-roots" are excellent for planting out, making compact and sturdy growth, and flower both early and freely. The

Cactus

dahlias are now all the fashion, and certainly more elegant than the show kinds. Most of them are rather inclined to be shy, and hence succeed best in a very open and sunny situation, and with only moderately rich soil. The

Snowdrop Tree

(Halesia tetraptera) is very pretty now, and why such charming hardy shrubs as this are not more commonly planted I cannot imagine. It forms a dense spreading bush, with pale-green leaves, and in the point of every shoot appears a cluster of pure-white drooping blossoms, greatly resembling those of the common snowdrop. It forms a good companion to the charming rosy-blossomed Weigela, now also in full beauty.

Hollyhocks,

delphiniums, and other tall-growing plants must be supported by stout stakes, and neat but not tight ties. If the weather proves dry, the former especially must be kept moist at the root. Carnations also need neat sticks placed to support the flower-stems, but take care not to tie them tightly, or the stem will bend and perhaps snap. In the

Greenhouse,

calceolarias of the herbaceous section are in full bloom, and very effective. Keep them moist and cool, and shade from hot sun. Gloxinias are also opening fast, and in intensity of colouring are scarcely equalled: these require more warmth, a constantly moist atmosphere, and careful shading. Keep tuberous begonias also lightly shaded, and give them plenty of air. Camellias and azaleas should be kept close and moist, to promote vigorous growth.

Vegetable Garden.

Here everything is growing at express speed, and provides plenty of work on all hands. Beans and peas must be staked directly or before they commence to grow, potatoes earthed up, weeds kept under, and the surface of the soil loose and open by hoeing.

Winter Greens

must be planted out in quantity and variety, and at once. The earliest batch of Brussels sprouts are already out and growing, but more should be planted now, also plenty of savoys, cabbage of sorts, Scotch and cottager's kale, and, above all, broccoli of the purple sprouting class, this being undoubtedly the most hardy, productive, and delicious of all winter greens.

Tomatoes

may now be planted out, and if strong and hard the sooner the better. Against walls place them 18 in. apart, and keep each plant to a single stem, trained upright. In the open they may be set out in rows 3 ft. or 4 ft. apart, with a distance of 2 ft. or 2½ ft. from plant to plant: these also will succeed best on the single-stem principle, but if the plants run short they may have two or three fruiting growths apiece. Place a stout stake, 5 ft. or 6 ft. long, to each: plant firmly, and keep rather dry until plenty of fruit is set and swelling.

Plant out vegetable marrows, gourds, and ridge cucumbers on slight hot-beds, or on mounds of rich turfy soil.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberry beds must have a layer of some material spread between the plants to keep the fruit clean before it becomes too far advanced. Cocoanut-fibre or grass cuttings may be used, but fresh tan is far better—indeed, superior to anything else. The crop, though late, promises to be a very good one.

Thin the young shoots of peaches and other stone fruits both out of doors and under glass by degrees, so as to admit sun and air and ripen both the fruit and the remaining growths. The fruit, also, must be thinned, if too thick. But the crop in most places is, I am sorry to see, a very poor one indeed, and there is little or nothing to thin.

B. C. R.

SOMETHING DROPPED.

MRS. CONOSSER.—"Did you show Mr. De Frett into the drawing-room?"
MARY ANN.—"Yis, Ma'am. I lift him lookin' at th' satsoomy vase. He said it wor th' finest he'd seen."

"THIS MAN WAS FRIGHTENED."

Any one reading the facts it will appear that he had reason to be. The man referred to was Edward Perrin, a guard on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. In September 1887 he met with an accident, which gave him a temporary shock to his system. Not long afterwards he began to feel a pain in the chest and have difficulty in breathing, and threw up a great deal of mucus (phlegm). He at once concluded he had some serious ailment of the lungs, and sought medical advice. The doctor said it was so, and added that there was no cure for it, and that he could do no more than give him something to ease the pain and cough. Then the doctor gave Mr. Perrin a certificate stating that he was suffering from "Catarrh Phthisis," which is the professional term for *that dreadful malady Consumption.* Further symptoms soon appeared which seemed to confirm this alarming opinion. The poor fellow experienced great pain in eating and a tight-ness across the chest which felt, he said, "as if a strong man was gripping him around the body under the arms."

The rest of Mr. Perrin's narrative is best related in his own words. He says: "I soon commenced to have a brackish taste in the mouth, as if I had been sucking copper. Then came cold chills and sweats in turn, the cough got hollow, and I raised more than I had done. These terrible symptoms so scared me that I went and consulted a doctor. He examined me carefully, and certified as follows:—

"'*In the case of Guard Perrin. This man is evidently frightened. He is suffering from Phthisis and Dyspepsia. Cod-liver oil and iron are indicated.*'

"This fully bore out what the other doctor had said, so I now looked upon myself as done for. I took everything I could hear tell of. I have drunk *gallons of cod-liver oil and sherry*, and have had many quarts of camphorated oil rubbed on my chest, until my wife was sick of rubbing. I was also poulticed continually, but in spite of all this terrific dosing and medicating I got gradually worse. In half a dozen words my condition was this: I believed myself to be fast going to the grave with consumption; my friends said so, the doctors said so, and it looked like it if anything ever did. It is understood that consumption is sure death, and I made up my mind for that awful end. I had been off my work from 1887 to 1888. I was ashamed to be away so much, as I was obliged to draw funds from the Club all the time to help support my family.

"While I was thus doing nothing but waiting to die, crawling about feebly like a man who is virtually done with this world, I happened one day to meet one of the Traffic Inspectors of our line. He was shocked at my looks, but said, 'Perrin, I don't know as anything will help you; but if anything will, it is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.' I remember that this idea amused me, miserably broken and ill as I was. Help me? Could it cure consumption? Not likely. Impossible! Still, it couldn't make me worse, and so I got a bottle and began to take it. I could scarcely credit my own feelings; but, as sure as truth is truth, before I had used up that bottle of medicine I found relief. Now comes what you may find it hard to believe—I took but two more bottles, and went back to work, and have been sound and healthy ever since. I told the doctor about it, and, although he saw I was well, he seemed displeased. 'You say Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured you?' he said. 'Nonsense! It is only a quack medicine; it is nothing but stuff and rubbish.' Well, all right, I said to myself, it may be stuff and rubbish, but it has made a sound man of me after that very doctor had me booked for the graveyard, and said no earthly power could keep me out of it. That was enough for me, and will be enough for thousands of others in this country.

"I am exposed to all sorts of weather, but have never had a return of the bad breathing, chest pains, nor any of the other symptoms that nearly frightened me out of my senses. I eat and enjoy my food as well as any man in England. Now, what was the secret of this getting well? If I really had consumption, it was nothing short of a miracle, but I never had consumption at all. The doctors were all wrong in calling it that. What I actually suffered from was indigestion and dyspepsia, which causes the same symptoms that mark true consumption; hence lots of people who are supposed to have lung complaint might be as easily cured as I was if they would let cod-liver oil alone and take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

Mr. Perrin's address is No. 36, Gorton Brook-street, Gorton Brook, Manchester, and he will reply to any letters written to him concerning his case.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

ANTWERP.—II.

(By Our Own Roving Commissioner.)

I CANNOT help lingering somewhat longer in this

Venerable City.

It contains so much to interest not only the antiquary, the art-patron, and the artist, but also the ordinary tourist. Weeks might be spent here with great profit. In fact, my friend the well-known Hungarian painter Mr. Brück-Lajos, whose picture of London life, "Homeless," delighted the visitors of the Royal Academy last year, and this year interests visitors to the Edinburgh show, by his sketches, made in Antwerp last autumn, induced me to revisit Belgium, where I had stayed some twenty years ago.

What a change since then in the commercial Metropolis of Antwerp!

The Docks,

even then immense, have now developed in so gigantic a manner that their construction has swallowed up many of the ancient monuments. Yes, the docks, with their quays and grand warehouses, form a most interesting sight. But do not forget to look at the Maison Hanséatique, built 1564-8: it is 250 ft. by 200 ft., and is one of the remnants of old Antwerp. It offers a magnificent illustration of the commerce of the time of the Hansa League.

It is one of the most characteristic traits of this city that it combines with the attractions of a seaport those intellectual ones of an artistic and monumental metropolis. The lacelike spire of

The Cathedral,

which, being 403 ft. high, the traveller beholds as he approaches the city, at once foreshadows the pleasures that may be expected in the famous city of the best Flemish painters.

Let us proceed, then, to the

Place Verte,

where we will visit one of the many cafés, and, seated under trees, partake of some refreshments, while at the same time contemplating the magnificent statue of Rubens, and looking at the entrance to the southern transept of the Cathedral called the Church of "Onze Lieve Vrouw op het Staaksko" (Our Lady on the Post). It is one of the noblest Gothic structures in Belgium.

ANTWERP ILLUSTRATED: THE PLACE VERTE.

From a Picture by the late Samuel Read.

The first stone was laid in 1352, but centuries were required to finish it. The chime of ninety-nine bells is renowned. The interior of this ancient monument is not only rich in beautiful architecture but in the possession of those masterpieces famous all over the world, the "Elevation" and the "Descent from the Cross," many other paintings of immense value, and exquisite pieces of sculpture. Most interesting is the

Church of St. Jacques,

in which Rubens is buried. Its construction was begun in 1491. It is [illegible] interest, being a beautiful structure inside and out, and contains some [illegible] specimens of painting by Van Dyck, Rubens, and other great masters. [illegible] omit to inspect the "Head of Christ" on one of the pillars, painted by Leonardo da Vinci. It would require many columns of this paper to give an adequate description of all the masterpieces to be found in this [illegible] cathedral, in the church of St. Paul, in the church of St. Augustine, in the Hôtel de Ville—also a magnificent building in the Renaissance style—and in [illegible]. Indeed, if you wish to get an adequate

Idea of Flemish Art,

Antwerp is the place to be seen: and the town may be reached so quickly by Englishmen!

Inspect the treasures that are heaped up in the

Plantin Museum,

in the "Marché du Vendredi," those also to be found in the "Steen Museum," and you seem to be suddenly transferred to the Middle Ages.

In his admirable study of the painter Henry Leys, Alma-Tadema's master and friend

Max Sulzberger,

speaking of the artistic treasures of Antwerp, says: "These reminiscences of old Antwerp are not trifling. You cannot appreciate Rembrandt without knowing Holland, and, above all, Amsterdam. Thus, you have to recall the Antwerp of the child of Leys to explain his love of old dwellings, spiral staircases, &c. Bear this well in mind in looking at that master's works in the Salle Leys in the Townhall (Hôtel de Ville): that *salle* is perhaps unique; it gives you an idea of ancient Antwerp. In that *salle* Leys had shut himself up for six years, [illegible] being admitted—to complete the magnificent paintings he has bequeathed to the nation.

The Antwerp Exchange

is a curious building. It was built in 1531, and is said to have been [illegible] model of the old London Exchange. Twice it has risen like a phœnix from its ashes, for it was burnt in 1581, and again in 1858. The present building was opened on Aug. 18, 1873, and has the advantage over its predecessors that it has a glass roof. Like our Royal Exchange, formerly, the prior Antwerp Exchange had no roof.

The Fortifications

are well worth a visit, and you can easily reach them by tram or cab [illegible] don't take a sketch of them.

The Zoological Gardens

are now situated within the town, and are reckoned among the finest in Europe. The Grand Public Park, with its ornamental waters, skirted by the Avenue Quentin Matsys, Rubens, and Van Eyck, then the Arboricultural Garden (Pepiniere), are also most agreeable and beautiful places of public resort; and a promenade through them is charming. Music is not wanting in any of these pleasure-grounds.

"OLIVER TWIST." BY J. SANT, R.A.—IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"OPHELIA: 'THERE'S RUE FOR YOU.'" BY HENRIETTA RAE.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

Then there is the park of the Palais de l'Industrie. It is especially delightful in the spring and summer.

Theatres

are, of course, not wanting. There are French plays and operas at the Theatre Royal, Flemish plays at the Schouwburg, and then the Théâtre des Variétés, where you may enjoy performances in French or Flemish. If you prefer still lighter musical refreshment, there are some Cafés Chantants.

The Boulevards

are excellent promenades, and you may enjoy yourself by seating yourself before one of the cafés on the Boulevard de Waterloo or Place St. Jean on certain days of the week. I cannot say that I much relish the Belgian beers called Lambic and Faro. But I have seen good glass of English ale or stout. Many of the Belgian people drink a dozen or more glasses of the Belgian malt liquor in the course of the morning at the "Estaminet" while talking on the politics of the day or playing at dice.

My English friends should be told that their letters for Belgium are administered at the English Church, Rue des Tanneurs.

But now off to Brussels, the Belgian capital, and much gayer city.

(To be continued.)

ON THE CONTINONG.

BY A COOK'S TOURIST.

You ask me, dear Mr. Editor, for a few "impressions" of a hurried tour through Germany and Austria. But, as you well know, the thing has been done to death. It is hardly possible for a writer to write freshly and interestingly about Spain or Siberia; and as for this "old Europe," which Napoleon said wearied him, it must long since have wearied all your readers. Yet there are word-artists who would write you a graphic description of a tour from

London to Dover;

you would dwell on the palatial beauties of the Lord Warden Hotel; and to whom the antiquities of Canterbury would furnish endless matter for word-painting. Dover has, at least, its castle and its Lord Warden; but what can one say of Folkestone? Surely its burghers deserved the hanging, so narrowly escaped at the hands of our forefathers—they and their descendants—for not producing something better in the way of a

Leave Calais,

with its dreary streets and dreadful smells. Let us away to Brussels, passing Lille and Tournai, names familiar in many a conflict of the past. Brussels has often been called

A Miniature Paris;

and it is Paris in its boulevards, its cafés, its genial gaiety. And yet its gaiety is less "alive" than that of Paris. The frequenters of its boulevards seem less keenly alert—less noisy, in fact. The most remarkable thing in

Brussels

is undoubtedly the newest—the new Law Courts (Palais de Justice), which are even newer than our own English Courts, and many people will say much more magnificent. So far as the outside is concerned, this is very much a question as to whether one prefers the Gothic or the Classic style in architecture. The lovely tracery of many of the windows in the English Law Courts has no equivalent in the

Magnificent Belgian Building;

but the general effect of this latter is superb. Like the Acropolis at Athens, it is situated on the summit of a round hill, and thus almost seems to overawe the capital, while its glistening dome is visible away on the field of Waterloo. These courts cost £2,000,000 (50,000,000f.), and took seventeen years to build. There may, I repeat, be differences of opinion as to the exterior, but as to the interior there is no room for doubt as to the superiority of the Belgian Law Courts over our own. Each separate court is a poem in wood and marble, sumptuously decorated, superbly furnished. My chatty guide took me into these courts when trials were going on, and into the handsomest of all, the Court of Assize, which was not being used—indeed, looked too grand to use.

But I am tarrying too long over a new building, when Brussels boasts so many old ones. Finest of these, surely, is the

Hotel de Ville,

which was commenced in 1402, and finished at the end of the sixteenth century. The first stone of the magnificent tower was laid by Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, while still a child, in 1454.

But I must leave Brussels, with its museums and picture-galleries (the former particularly rich in palæontology, my geological reader), its pleasant Waux-Hall Gardens—a perpetuation, without the "V," of our own Vauxhall—and other sights, and rush

On to Cologne,

without giving the moment I should like to Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle. Of

The Kolner Dom

it is too late in the day to write much. Everyone knows that it is pronounced the most magnificent Gothic structure in the world, that it was commenced in 1248, and not finally completed until 1880, when the Emperor William came to Cologne to celebrate the event. One remembers, also, that its towers are 512 feet high—the loftiest in Europe, exclusive of M. Eiffel's tall steeple. But you are tired: and so am I. Now off down the Rhine! C. K. S.

I AM glad that cyclists are returing to the charge, and are advocating their rights on Constitution-hill. Various cycle writers are appealing directly to the authorities to know why cycles should be excluded where hansoms are allowed to go. I must say the reasons given by the authorities are about as weak as they could be. The Deputy Ranger writes that it is feared some day, when the Queen is passing by, there might be cyclists on Constitution-hill. Surely, if this is a serious evil to be avoided, it would be easy to refuse them the right of way when her Majesty is in town, even if it were granted to them at all other times. I hope the National Cyclists' Union will take the matter up.

There are two drawings of machines in this month's *Century*, in articles that indirectly are of interest to all cyclists. The first is in a paper on "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces," and shows a bicycle race at the Polytechnic Athletic Meeting at Paddington. Beyond the drawing, however, there is but the merest reference to the Polytechnic Cycling Club, as the writer, Mr. Albert Shaw, is principally concerned with the social significance of the institutes he describes, though he recognises the importance of athletic sports and exercise in all these modern organisations. The artist, as if with a view to this column, also gives a sketch of a class in photography at the Polytechnic which will be interesting to amateur photographers. I can recommend the article to all who know something of the Regent-street and Mile End-road institutions.

The other cycle drawing is in a paper on "Track Athletics in America," which is not of quite as much interest as it ought to be, for the writer evidently knows little of cycling. This is to be regretted, for he gives some admirable descriptions of and information as to the construction of the track, rules, &c., for running, walking, jumping, pole-vaulting, and throwing of weights. But he contents himself with saying that "bicycling has grown to be so common and widespread that it has a life, rules, and records quite apart from ordinary track athletics." The article otherwise is a capital one. The drawing to which I referred is simply of a man in racing costume on a tall bicycle, against a black background.

No one should miss the Royal race-meeting, at Paddington, of which I wrote last week. There will probably be seen at this gathering the best riding of the season. Only those who are invited can take part in the different contests, and you may be sure the invitations will be limited to the best men. Not more than eight are to be allowed to start in any race, so there will be no senseless crowding of the track, and risk of accidents. Real racing, and not loafing, will be the order of the day.

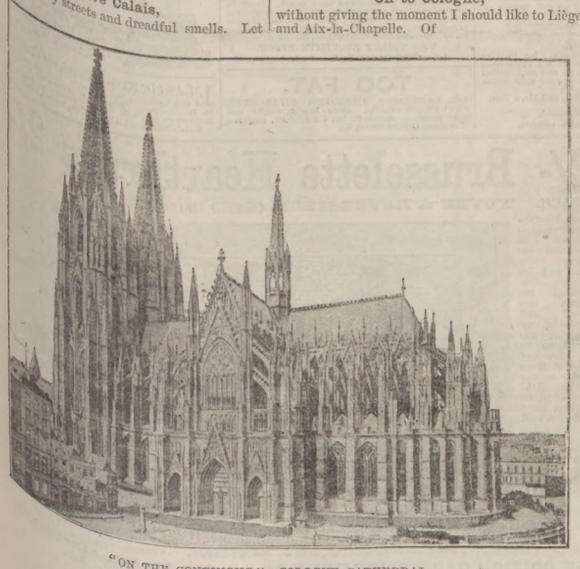
There will, no doubt, be English riders at the Great International Races at Berlin on the 15th and 16th of this month, to compete in the Bicycle and Tricycle Championships of Europe. The German Lehr, by the way, who surprised everybody last summer at Paddington, has been riding a tricycle lately, and racing prophets seem to think it likely that he will be the winner of both these championships.

But racing fixtures nearer home are to-day (Saturday) the Ranelagh Harriers' Annual Athletic Meeting at Stamford Bridge, and the Kensington Athletic Association's at the Paddington Recreation-Grounds. Next Saturday, the 14th, the Kildare Athletic Club at Paddington, and the Civil Service at Stamford-bridge. The interest at Paddington on the present Saturday promises to be the riding of Osmond and Leitch in the same race.

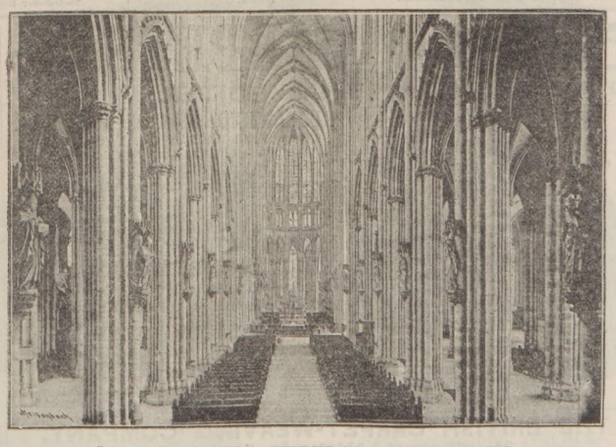
Mr. E. R. Shipton, Secretary of the C.T.C., has been lately talking to the Camera Club about "Cycling for photographers and an ideal cycle." This ideal cycle, you may be glad to hear, is the Quadrant tricycle fitted with pneumatic tyres, which make it two miles an hour faster, and the new spring luggage carrier made by the Quadrant Company. But who wants to emulate Mr. Shipton and go off for a pleasure ride on a machine loaded down with two cameras, besides personal luggage? Who wants to be burdened with 50 or 100 lb., besides his own weight and that of his wheel? N.C.U.

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]



"ON THE CONTINONG": COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.



"ON THE CONTINONG": INTERIOR OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

BILLS OF SALE (continued).

MANY cases of hardship used to arise owing to the fact that, when bills of sale were given, goods were cleared away ruthlessly by money-lenders, and homes broken up. Accordingly, as the result of "The Bills of Sale Act, 1882," at present the holder of a bill of sale can only seize the furniture in six cases: 1. Where the borrower makes default in payment at the stipulated time. 2. Where he becomes bankrupt. 3. Where the goods are distrained for rent, rates, or taxes. 4. Where the borrower fraudulently removes the goods. 5. Where he fails without reasonable excuse, upon demand in writing by the lender, to produce the last receipts for rent, rates, and taxes. 6. Where execution (sheriff or County Court bailiff) is levied upon the goods.

It is, of course, very important to keep up the agreed payments punctually. But, even when the goods are legally seized by the lender, they cannot be removed until after five days from the date of seizure, and during that time the borrower may pay the money in arrear, and thus avoid a sale of his property. If the money be refused, it should be formally tendered in coin, in the presence of a witness, and, if it be still refused, the borrower should at once consult a solicitor, who can apply to the courts of law for an injunction to restrain the lender from exercising his powers of removal and sale.

A *bonâ fide* bill of sale, properly prepared and registered, is no bar to the claim of a landlord for rent. He may distrain upon the goods included in the bill of sale. But a valid bill of sale is a perfect security as against what is called "an execution creditor"—i.e., against an ordinary creditor who obtains a judgment in the superior courts or County Court, and then issues an execution by the Sheriff or High Bailiff. Therefore, if the goods are seized by a sheriff or County Court officer, notice of the bill of sale should at once be given. If the creditor levying an execution wishes to contest the matter, it is generally fought out in the local County Court or in the superior court; and, if the bill of sale is held valid, of course the execution creditor has to withdraw. But necessitous persons who give bills of sale must remember that a bill of sale given for a past debt is void, if the person giving the bill of sale should commit or suffer an act of bankruptcy within three months.

In the case of bankruptcy, moreover, all goods in the possession or ordinary disposition of the bankrupt in his trade or business, by the consent and permission of the bill of sale holder, and under such circumstances that the bankrupt is the reputed owner, rest in the trustee; and so in that case a bill of sale, although perfectly valid in form, and duly registered, becomes void. The question in these cases is, Are the goods held by the bankrupt in such a way as to convey to the minds of other people the reputation of ownership?

ANSWERS.

JAMES LEETHWARK.—We are not aware of any close season for rabbits, and, considering the terms of the receipt of Jan. 28, 1890, which we presume is properly stamped, we think that if you are prevented from going upon the land and shooting rabbits, you would, if the tenant could legally let the shooting, probably succeed in recovering any damage actually suffered; but, inasmuch as this is rather a matter of sport than of property, probably the compensation which the law would give you would be quite inadequate. The Ground Game Act 1880 in some cases would prevent letting, and limits rights as to shooting, unless occupier is also owner, or can let shooting.

A CONSTANT READER occupies property which is upon the dividing line of two parishes, and wants to know why he should pay rates for both. We are afraid the law is clearly against him, and, according to his letter, he seems to have paid rates in both parishes for years. We cannot advise that he has any chance of resisting the rating with success.

INDIGNANTIES complains of the conduct of his sister-in-law, as he admits, has committed no legal offence; but he thinks to expose "rascality," and wants to know how he can do so. We are unable to advise any means by which he can effectually give vent to the feelings which, under the circumstances stated in his letter, are very natural, and we think, on the whole, he had better treat the matter with silent contempt.

J. NES.—Write to the Patent Office, Southampton-buildings, London, and make your inquiries there. LEX.

Deaths through the upsetting of oil-lamps are so common that the inventor of the "Water-valley Lamp," Mr. Devoll, has conferred a boon on the public. Professor Redwood commends with reason this excellent "safety lamp."

The Military Tournament.—The eleventh year of the Royal Military Tournament, in aid of the Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers, will take place at the Agricultural Hall, June 18 to 28, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family. The competitions will include feats of horsemanship, filling at the ring, bayonet exercise, fencing, tilting at the ring, bayonet exercise, fencing, tilting, jumping, &c.; also displays of combined horse and all arms, cavalry mêlée, and musical ride by the Life Guards.

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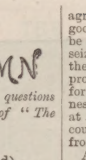

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	1st Battn.	East Kent Regiment.
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Thursday	2nd	Yorkshire Light Infantry.
Friday	2nd	East Kent Regiment.
	4th "	East Surrey
	3rd "	Essex
	2nd Battn.	East Kent Regiment.
	Royal Military School of Music.	
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The following events will take place in the arena:—
Display by Metropolitan School of Arms.
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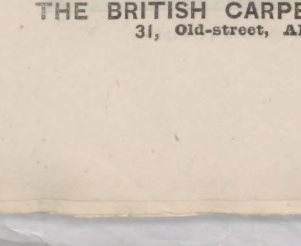

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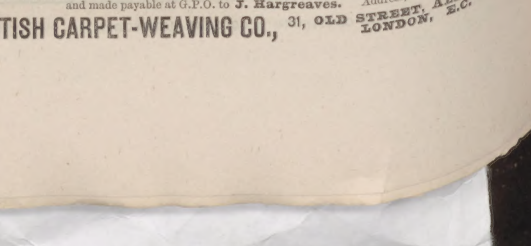

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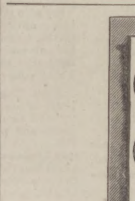

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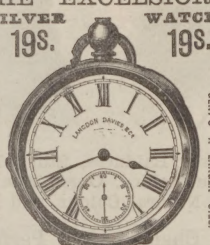

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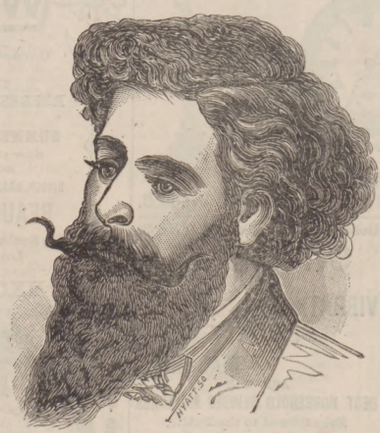

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